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JANUARY 25, 1980

FEAT FOR
E RED ARMY?
SEE PAGE 99

NATIONAL REVIEW

I, the Ayatollah Khomeini, in the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Beneficent

Do Hereby Bequeath IRAN

To the Soviet Union

By: JEAN-FRANÇOIS REVEL
BRANKO LAZITCH
NORMAN B. HANNAH

M SMTH020E- 045 8002 - 1 52 -
MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD

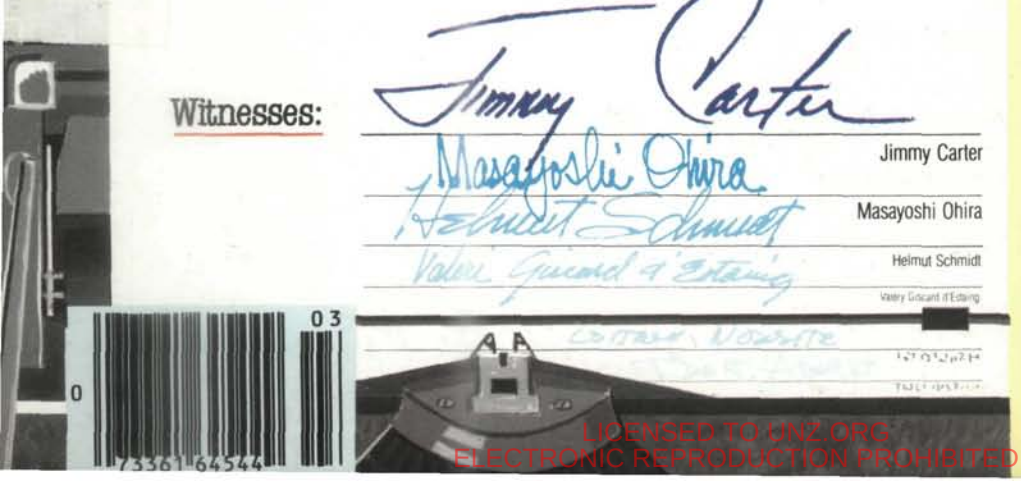
Witnesses:

Jimmy Carter

Masayoshi Ohira

Helmut Schmidt

Valery Giscard d'Estaing



Also In This Issue:

INTRODUCING: A NEW WASHINGTON COLUMN BY NEAL B. FREEMAN ♦ WFB JR WRITES A MEMO TO ALL THE CANDIDATES (EXCEPT JOHN ANDERSON) ♦ ALSO MICHAEL NOVAK ♦ ROBERT W. WHITAKER

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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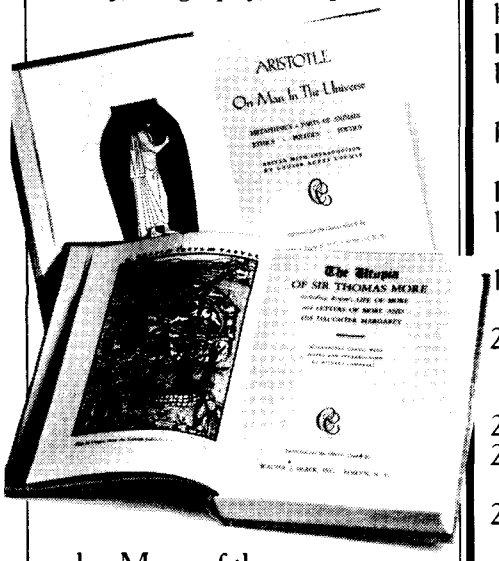

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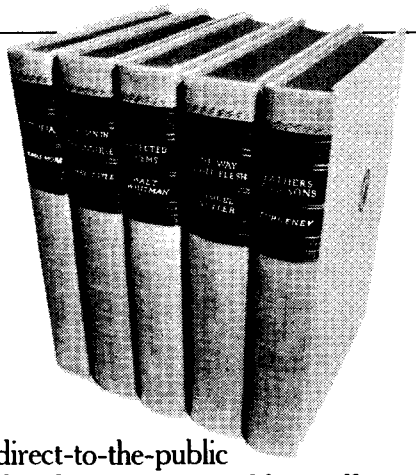

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Letters

Out of Joint

Aloïse Buckley Heath's piece ["A Heath Christmas Carol Program," Jan. 4] was thoroughly anachronistic. How typical of NATIONAL REVIEW to be so far behind the times.

Don't you know that women aren't supposed to write about their own families with humor, wit, affection, style, warmth? Wake *up*! When women write about their families these days, it's with venom, bitterness, and resentment. Mrs. Heath had a lot of nerve being so joyous. Suppose that issue should fall into the hands of impressionable youngsters?

Elaine Turek
St. Louis, Mo.

Small Change

May I offer one clue to L. H. Buckler ["Letters," Dec. 7] as to who contributed to John Connally's campaign chest?

I am neither oil nor milk, but just an average American who has contributed a very modest sum to Connally's campaign. This I have done because I believe he has the ability and desire to guide the U.S.A. out of the economic doldrums and to restore her to her position of world political leader.

Raymond P. Torri
Needham, Mass.

Up-Ended

When your recent story on campus attitudes was to appear ["The Movement of Student Opinion," Nov. 23] I received from your research department an advance copy, along with a card which read: "Dear Sir or Madam: Enclosed is the Nov. 23rd copy of NATIONAL REVIEW with the cover story on campus attitudes. Thanks again for sending along the college seal, which you will find has been reproduced for the cover." And indeed there was the seal reproduced on the cover—upside down.

Perhaps the Hebrew letters did in the layout men, although Yale's Hebraic calligraphy did not turn old Eli on his head. Additionally, there is an English phrase on the Brandeis seal which, as it was positioned, would force a reader of NATIONAL REVIEW to conclude that Brandeis adheres to: *strap tsomrenni sti otnu neve hturt.* As many universities liberally sprinkle Latin on their banners, those unschooled in that tongue probably figured it was Cicero sounding off again and let it go at that. What Latinists thought, I have little idea. Perhaps they concluded that it was Portuguese; while the Portuguese scholars opted for Urdu.

Another possibility exists: Since Brandeis students ranked highest among those who described themselves as "liberal," could it be that this was an editorial comment by NATIONAL REVIEW on their thought processes? Sly foxes!

In any case, the up-ending has alerted us to the possibility of similar future headstands. Therefore we are considering switching to a palindrome. *Madam I'm Adam* doesn't quite work. But we're trying.

Please give my best to yelkcuB mailliW.

Amram Ducovny
Vice President, Public Affairs
Brandeis University
Waltham, Mass.

From the Heart

Re Ernest van den Haag's "Birds, Bees, and Bathroom Tours" in NATIONAL REVIEW [Dec. 7]: MY GOD!

L. A. Terhaar
Greenville, Miss.

More Musings

No one could have written more eloquently of *NR*'s battle to restore sanity to our foreign policy, nor of the man greatly responsible for its warnings, than the author of "Iran: Musings" [Dec. 7]: "It comes down to this: American foreign policy is not working. James Burnham explained why, in this journal, for 23 years."

I'd like to add to the tribute to George Meany: He also kept the Teamsters out of the AFL-CIO, to his credit.

Sister Mary Lawrence, VHM
St. Louis, Mo.

The ABCs of Tax Revolt

Lucky Senator Jepsen! He has Bruce Bartlett on his staff. "What Ever Happened to the Tax Revolt?" [Dec. 7] is the clearest writing on economics I have read since *Economics in One Easy Lesson* by Henry Hazlitt.

I hope Republican candidates will read it carefully and take heed. Thank you.

Janet Herring
Philadelphia, Pa.

Nomenclature

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, in his article "The Pope and Northern Ireland" [Nov. 23], refers to that segment of Ireland adhering to the British Crown as Ulster. Traditionally and historically, right up until 1921, the province of Ulster consisted of nine counties: Antrim, Armagh, Derry, Down, Fermanagh, and Tyrone, plus Cavan, Donegal, and Monaghan. At the time of partition it was apparent that

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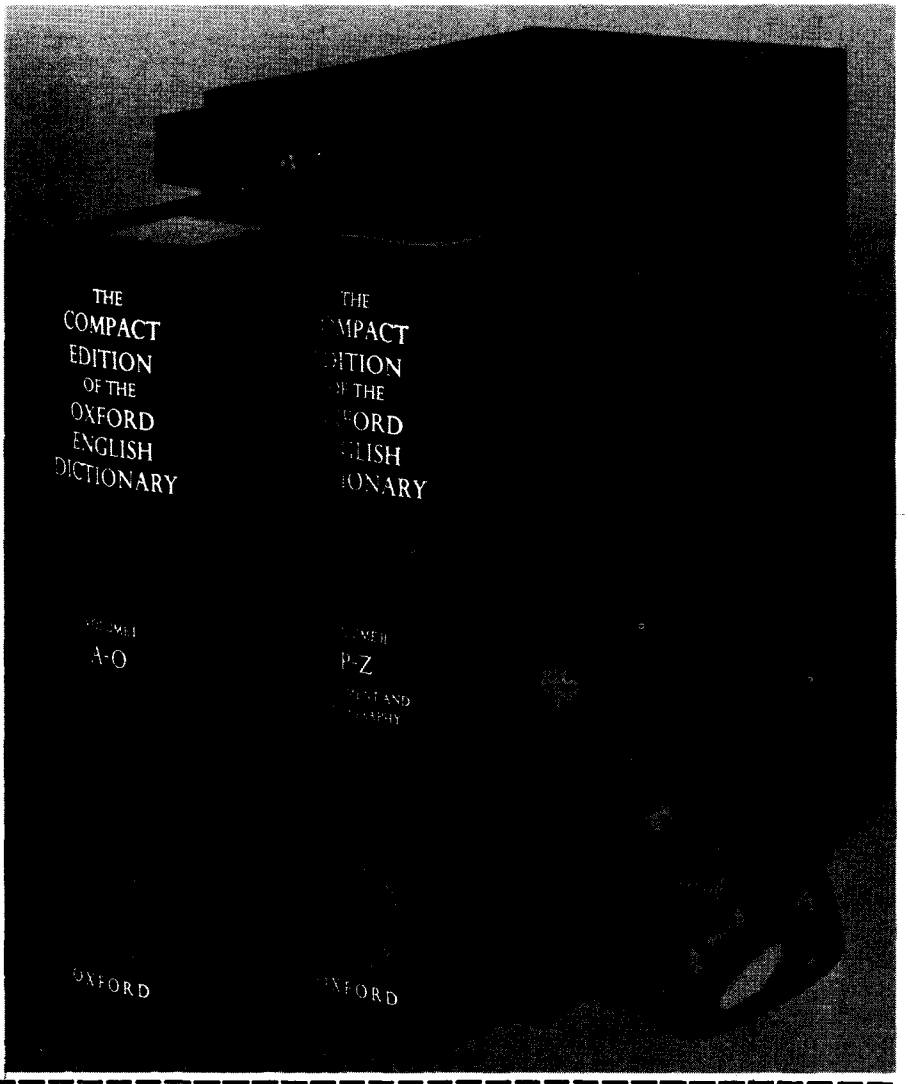

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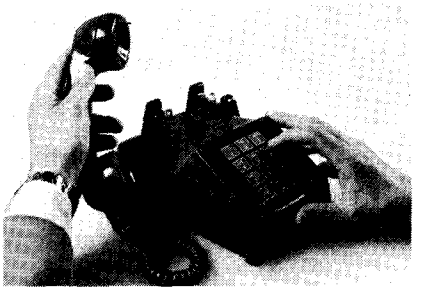

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a plebiscite in the nine counties would have produced a majority favoring an independent Ireland. At the same time, a county-by-county plebiscite would have produced in all probability no more than four and possibly as few as one or two which would have opted to remain subjects of the Crown.

The British worked it out that the heavily populated pro-Crown areas in Antrim, in particular, could outvote the anti-Crown areas in a maximum of six counties; thus, in a classic bit of gerrymandering, they carved out this segment of the province of Ulster and treated it as a unit. English, Unionist, Protestant public figures have customarily referred to this area as Ulster ("Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right"). In the South and elsewhere, the area has more commonly, and, I think, more correctly, been referred to as the Six Counties, or the North.

Aside from this terminological solecism, the article was interesting and well thought out. Unfortunately, there are problems in this world which appear to have no solution, at least none short of the passage of time.

A. Malcolm Post Jr.
San Francisco, Calif.

Celts, Kilts, and Controversy

I was more amused than offended, but nonetheless somewhat miffed, by one sentence in William Murchison's excellent article "Conservatism and the South" [Dec. 7]. That sentence reads: "Good Celts that they are . . . Southerners haven't lost their love of leisure and of the easy-going graces popular among the peoples from whom they spring—the Scots, the Welsh, the Cornish, and so on." "*And so on*"? While the Cornish are very nice people, surely if one were going to list three examples and sum up with *and so on*, there is another somewhat more prominent group of Celts one might have chosen. What would Gerald O'Hara say if he saw this?! (Come to think of it, isn't Murchison a Scots name?)

Eleanor Malone
Pasadena, Calif.

Poor Word Choice

I noticed the following sentence in "Moderation—Iranian Style" [Dec. 21]: "Even thereafter, this Administration, in its naïveté, may have fecklessly tried in furtive ways to salvage something from the debacle." The writer of that sentence may be interested in a quote from the *U.S. News & World Report*, January 7, 1980: "White House officials, who had counseled patience, warned that 'the President has made it clear he does not intend this situation to become an accepted status quo situation.' "

Well now, let's see—not an acceptable status quo, huh? Where have we heard

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I remember the day a car dealer got a little nervous because I was a couple of months behind in my payments — and repossessed my car. Now I own a Rolls Royce. I paid $43,000 for it — cash.

I remember the day my wife phoned me, crying, because the landlord had shown up at the house, demanding his rent — and we didn't have the money to pay it.

Now we own five homes. Two are on the oceanfront in California (I use one as my office). One is a lakefront "cabin" in Washington, (that's where we spend the whole summer — loafing, fishing, swimming, and sailing.) One is a condominium on a sunny beach in Mexico. And one is snuggled right on the best beach of the best island in Hawaii — Maui.

Right now I could sell all this property, pay off the mortgages, — and — without touching any of my other investments — walk away with over $750,000 in cash. But I don't want to sell, because I don't think of my homes as "investments." I've got other real estate — and stocks, bonds, and cash in the bank — for that.

I remember when I lost my job. Because I was head over heels in debt, my lawyer told me the only thing I could do was declare bankruptcy. He was wrong. I paid off every dime.

Now, I have a million dollar line of credit; but I still don't have a job. Instead, I get up every weekday morning and decide whether I want to go to work or not. Sometimes I do — for 5 or 6 hours. But about half the time, I decide to read, go for a walk, sail my boat, swim, or ride my bike.

I know what it's like to be broke. And I know what it's like to have everything you want. And I know that you — like me — can *decide* which one it's going to be. It's really as easy as that. That's why I call it "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

So I'm going to ask you to send me something I don't need: money. Ten dollars to be exact. Why? Because I want you to pay attention. And I figure that if you've got $10 invested, you'll look over what I send you and decide whether to send it back . . . or keep it. And I don't *want* you to keep it unless you agree that it's worth at least a hundred times what you invested.

Is the material "worth" $10? No — if you think of it as paper and ink. But that's not what I'm selling. What I am selling is information. *More* information than I give when I'm paid $1000 as a guest speaker. *More* information than I give in a one-hour consultation for $300.

But you're really not risking *anything*. Because I won't cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material. That's the deal. Return it in 31 days — and I'll send back your check or money order — uncashed.

How do you know I'll do it? Well, if you really want to be on the safe side, post-date your check for a month from today — *plus 2 additional weeks.* That'll give you plenty of time to receive it, look it over, try it out.

I know what you're thinking: "He got rich telling people how to get rich." *The truth is — and this is very important* — the year before I shared "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches," my net income was $216,646. And what I'll send you tells just how I made that kind of money . . . working a few hours a day . . . about 8 months out of the year.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." Remember I was up to my neck in debt when I started.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share. But I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better. I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the *past 5 years, using my methods.*

What does it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action.* If you do just that — nothing more, nothing less — the results will be hard to believe. Remember — I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. *Once again* — I guarantee it.

I know you're skeptical. Well, here are some comments from other people. (Initials have been used to protect the writer's privacy. The originals are in my files.) I'm sure that, like you, these people didn't believe me either when they clipped the coupon. Guess they figured that, since I wasn't going to deposit their check for at least 31 days, they had nothing to lose.

They were right.

And here's what they gained:

Made $16,901.92 first time out

"The third day I applied myself totally to what you had shown me. I made $16,901.92. That's great results for my first time out."

J.J.M., Watertown, N.Y.

'Getting everything we want'

"We can't keep this to ourselves anymore — you were right! We're on the road to getting all (everything) we want in this world! We sold the $17,000 home we had and got another one . . . It's worth $65,000 . . ."

Mr. & Mrs. M.L.P., Del Rio, Texas

'I can't handle all the business'

"Last May . . . I was fired from my $60,000 a year job as president because business was so bad . . . I then started my own firm despite everyone's assertion that I was 'nuts.' Results:

1. Smallest month - $ 7,000 net!
2. Largest month - $31,000 net!
3. Average month - $19,000 net!

But where does the lazy come in? I can't handle all the business!"

R.B., Dallas, Texas

$260,000 in eleven months

"Two years ago, I mailed you ten dollars in sheer desperation for a better life . . . One year ago, just out of the blue sky, a man called and offered me a partnership . . . I grossed over $260,000 cash business in eleven months. You are a God sent miracle to me."

B.F., Pascagoula, Miss.

'I'm a half-millionaire'

"Thanks to your method, I'm a half-millionaire . . . would you believe last year at this time I was a slave working for peanuts?"

G.C., Toronto, Canada

$7,000 in five days

"Last Monday I used what I learned on page 83 to make $7,000. It took me all week to do it, but that's not bad for five day's work."

M.D., Topeka, Kansas

Banking deposits from zero to thousands

"Since December, until the present time, I have built my business from zero up to where some days, my banking deposits are in excess of the thousands."

D.J.A., Westminister, Calif.

What I'm saying is probably contrary to what you've heard from your friends, your family, your teachers, and maybe everyone else you know.

I can only ask you one question.

How many of them are millionaires?

So it's up to you.

A month from today, you can be nothing more than 30 days older — or you can be on your way to getting rich. You decide.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and a postage stamp. But what if I'm right?

©Joe Karbo - 1979, 17105 South Pacific, Sunset Beach, Calif. 90742

PROOF!

Don't take my word for it. These are excerpts from articles in newspapers and magazines:

Time:
He only works half the year in his stunning office on California's Sunset Beach, and even when he's there he puts in short hours . . . In other words, Joe Karbo, 48, is the prototype for . . . "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

Seattle Times:
Is it all honest? A man who has done business with him says Karbo's reputation is excellent, and that he has managed to conduct mutually beneficial deals with him *with nothing but a handshake and an oral agreement.*
Want to be rich? Take my advice and follow his.

Boston Herald-American:
The book has drawn hundreds of letters from persons who have profited by it . . .

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner:
An unpretentious millionaire, Joe Karbo of Huntington Harbor is a vibrant, living testimonial to his intellectual, pragmatic conviction.

Forbes:
After bouncing around show biz, advertising, and real estate, he made his fortune . . . Last year (1972) he made $250,000.

Money Making Opportunities:
Maybe Joe Karbo has the secret. Don't you think you owe it to yourself to find out what it is all about? . . . I just finished it — and I'm off on a vacation myself. Get the idea?

Money Magazine:
Joe Karbo is Southern California's answer to Philip Roth. The difference, forgetting writing style, is that Joe does more than dwell on personal problems; he solves them . . .

The Boston Globe:
Jay Haws of Chico, Cal. said the pep talk . . . in "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches" has "changed my life," and upped his freelance graphic designer income from $2000 to $30,000 annually.
"I'm not rich yet," said Haws, "but I see the light at the end of the tunnel . . . It gave me the swift kick in the pants that I needed."

Long Beach Independent:
He's programmed the path to riches for the lazy man.

Sworn Statement:
"On the basis of my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that Mr. Karbo's net worth is more than one million dollars."
Stuart A. Cogan

Bank Reference:
Home Bank
17010 Magnolia Avenue
Fountain Valley,
CA 92708

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 591-H
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for at least 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material — for *any* reason — within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

SORRY — NO COD'S

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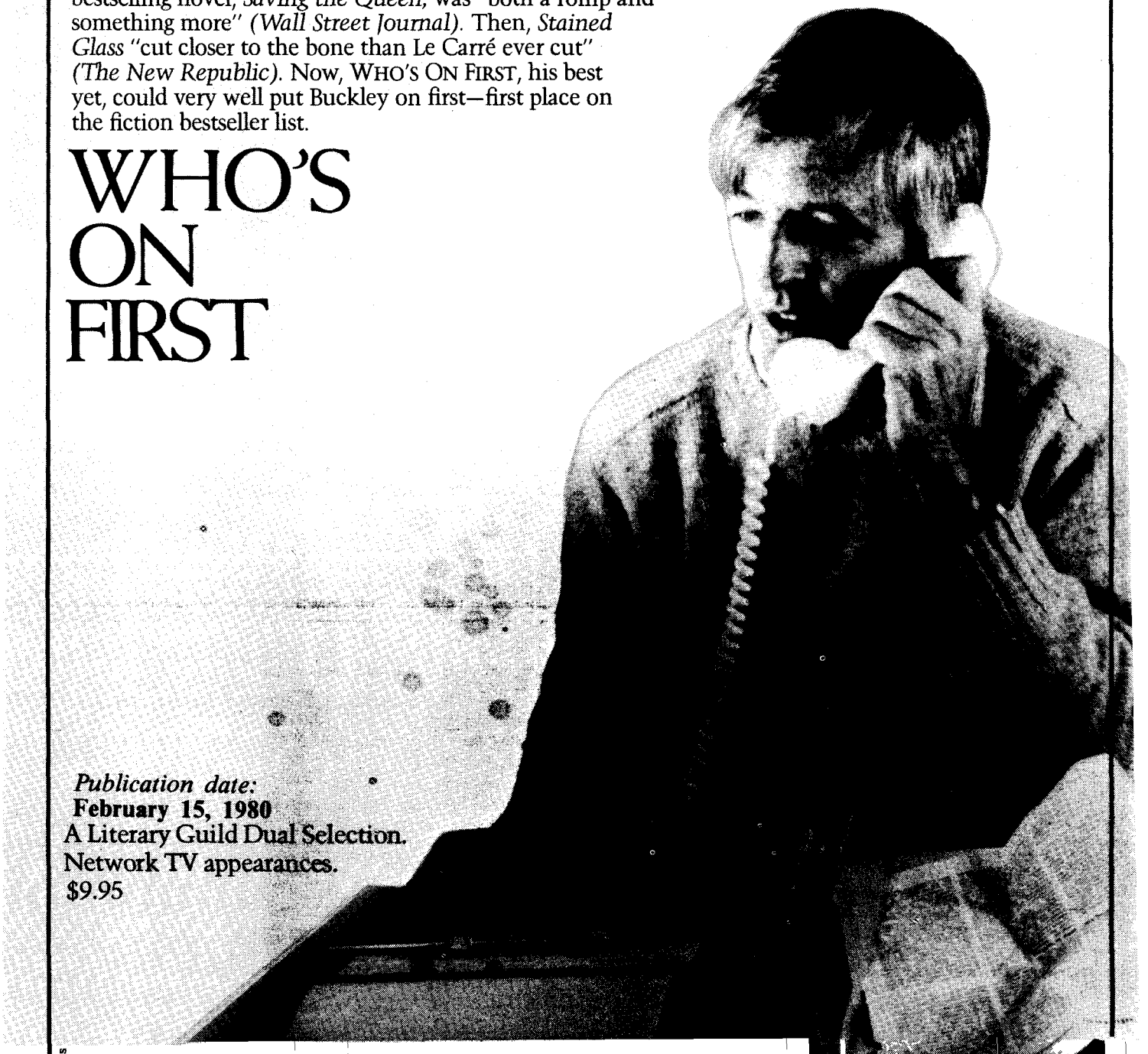
William F. Buckley, Jr.

His new novel captures some of the Cold War's hottest moments– the space race of the 1950s.

Blackford Oakes, the dashing ex-Yalie CIA agent, is back for his third assignment. It's a formidable one—kidnapping a man and woman who can help the U.S.A. win the space satellite race with the Soviets. And Blackie's mission is further complicated by the likes of Dwight D. Eisenhower, Allen Dulles, Dean Acheson, the U.S. Navy, a beautiful Hungarian freedom fighter, and master-agent "Rufus." William F. Buckley's first bestselling novel, *Saving the Queen*, was "both a romp and something more" *(Wall Street Journal)*. Then, *Stained Glass* "cut closer to the bone than Le Carré ever cut" *(The New Republic)*. Now, WHO'S ON FIRST, his best yet, could very well put Buckley on first—first place on the fiction bestseller list.

WHO'S ON FIRST



Publication date:
February 15, 1980
A Literary Guild Dual Selection.
Network TV appearances.
$9.95

DOUBLEDAY

Jan Lukas

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hat felicitous phrase before? Could it possibly have been over Russian troops in Cuba?

Reynaldo J. Aguilar
Panorama City, Calif.

The Panama of 1980

Your December 7 issue included an editorial comment, "SALTwise," which argued, with respect to Senate consideration of SALT II, that "holding off a vote till spring of an election year would add to the imponderables, but it takes a soaring imagination to say what might come along to rescue the treaty in the interval. If anything, the trends would likely prove adverse rather than favorable, tempting the White House to avoid a decision in hope of carrying the SALT II issue into the election—an expedient which, if tried, must be opposed with vigor."

With due respect, I would argue that, if we have the votes to defeat SALT II, Senator Robert Byrd of West Virginia is unlikely to permit such a vote to occur. Further, it is in the best interest of treaty foes to let the issue become a significant one in the 1980 campaign and to encourage, rather than discourage, the prospect that the 1980 election may turn out to be a referendum on the ratification of SALT II.

The more people know about SALT the more they oppose it. Furthermore, the more they learn about SALT the more they are ready to support those changes in our defense strategy which are absolutely necessary if the Finlandization of America is to be prevented.

The Conservative Caucus has just completed a fifty-state campaign tour to brief local journalists and to organize grassroots opposition to SALT II.

I am convinced by what I learned on the tour that conservatives will benefit greatly in the coming elections if SALT II receives as much consideration during 1980 as the Panama Canal issue did during 1978.

Howard Phillips
National Director
The Conservative Caucus, Inc.
Falls Church, Va.

FDR Defended

William A. Rusher ["Letters," Nov. 23] states that Japan's alternatives, given Roosevelt's oil embargo, were "war or capitulation." "Capitulation" seems a strange word, for Japan was not the victim, but the aggressor. The goal of American policy was to force Japan to cease her aggressive war in China. As for blaming Roosevelt for our lack of military preparedness, his desperate struggle against the isolationists reminds us upon whom that blame in all fairness should be placed.

Thomas H. Wendel
Campbell, Calif.

HE'D RATHER BE RIGHT!

William A. Rusher

When New York University's School of Law presented its "Distinguished Citizen Award" to William A. Rusher in 1973, it declared that the honor was being conferred on him "in recognition of his able articulation of the conservative viewpoint."

Former Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis put it this way after one Rusher talk: "I sit on many a dais and hear a great many speeches, but it has been years since I have heard anything quite so fine."

To the *New York Times*' liberal columnist Tom Wicker, on the other hand, Rusher is just "terrifyingly articulate."

Would your college (or business association, or community lecture series) like to hear a powerful conservative spokesman with more than twenty years' varied experience battling for the cause? As *NR* publisher, Goldwater drafter, TV personality, New Majority theorist, and syndicated columnist, Bill Rusher fills the bill. Ask him to speak on foreign affairs, domestic politics, free enterprise, constitutional law, or internal security—and give your organization a treat! Engagements for the 1979-80 season are being accepted now.

Write or phone:
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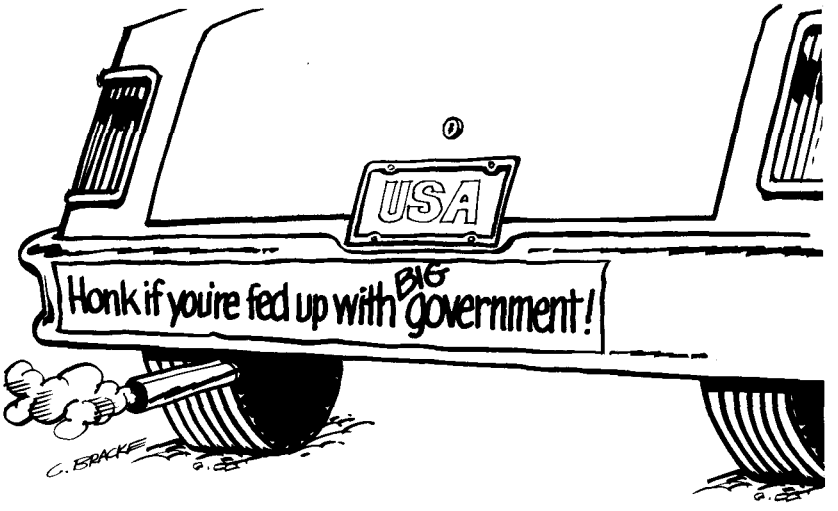

Nobel laureate economist Milton Friedman offers some plain talk on inflation, welfare, education and other current issues that concern all of us in a new 10 part PBS series, *Free to Choose*. What's going on in our country? What do we need to do to preserve our freedom and prosperity? Watch *Free to Choose* beginning January 11th on the PBS television network.

FREE TO CHOOSE
MILTON FRIEDMAN WARNS OF THE DANGERS OF BIG GOVERNMENT

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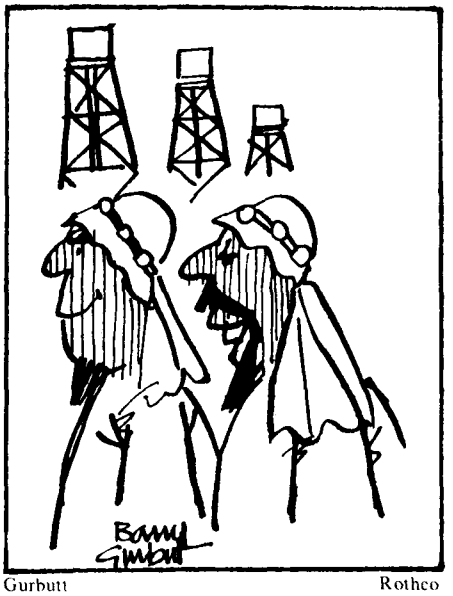
FOR THE RECORD

■ On the eve of the Iowa caucus—the opening gun of the 1980 presidential campaign—the nation's newspaper editors think **Jimmy Carter** will be the Democratic candidate. Of 85 who responded to a questionnaire, 67 think Carter will get the nod, 64 think he would be the Democrats' "strongest" candidate; only 12 voted for **Kennedy**, although 19 thought he'd be the strongest. . . . According to Dr. **Gallup** (Jan. 4-8 polling) the people agree. Carter's lead over Kennedy is now the highest ever, 51 to 37 per cent (as against 48 to 46 per cent in December). . . . Kennedy was probably hurt rather than helped by one unexpected endorsement. Col. **Qaddafi** of Libya thinks that Kennedy "would be better than the present U.S. President" (which says not much for brother **Billy**'s lobbying skills). . . . Carter was undoubtedly helped by the endorsement of **Muhammad Ali**, who has been named to head the Athletes for Carter committee. Ali (always the greatest) says that his (count 'em) 75 million supporters will vote for Carter's re-election. (In 1976, 81 million votes were cast.) . . . Columnists **Evans & Novak** don't see a Carter win. They look for "a bloody battle down to the wire, with Kennedy still holding a slight but perceptible edge." . . . **Kevin Phillips** sees the possibility for a quick kill *if* Carter can win three early ones—Iowa, Maine, and New Hampshire—which, he says, could set up victories in two big ones, Illinois (Mar. 18) and New York (Mar. 25).

■ Back to those newspaper editors. Despite the polls, despite every other sign, they pick **George Bush** over **Ronald Reagan** as the Republican candidate by a narrow 28 to 25 vote, with **Connally** third (12), **Baker** fourth (3), and **Gerald Ford** fifth (1). But 72 of them think that Reagan is the "strongest" candidate the GOP could field. . . . Democratic National Chairman **John White** picks Reagan as the front-runner, with Bush (not Connally or Baker) Number Two. . . . On a 1 to 20 scale, Kevin Phillips says Reagan has 11 out of 20 chances of winning the nomination, Bush 3, Connally 2, and Baker 1. . . . **Iowa** looks good for Reagan. He leads Bush 50 to 14 in the latest *Des Moines Register* poll; the Iowa **Pro-Life Political Action Council** has endorsed him and recommended, but not endorsed, **Robert Dole** and **Phil Crane**; and by December, only 28 per cent of Iowa voters thought Reagan too old to run, as against 38 per cent five months earlier. . . . In Massachusetts, a group headed by retired naval officer **Sherman Reed** has put Gerald Ford on the ballot for the Mar. 4 primary. There will also be a write-in movement for Ford in New Hampshire because, say his supporters, they were unable to raise the $500 filing fee!



Gurbutt Rothco

"OPEC makes sure *we* have a prosperous New Year!"

■ In other races: A year-end **Arthur Finkelstein** poll shows that **George McGovern** is the most threatened of the Democratic Senate incumbents up for re-election this year. His approval rating is lower than Carter's pre-Iran rating, 11 per cent; his disapproval rating among South Dakotans, 45 per cent. . . . Sen. **John Culver**, who, if possible, is to the left of McGovern and Kennedy, is having his troubles. A *Des Moines Register* poll shows him leading his probable Republican opponent, Rep. **Charles Grassley**, by a slim 39 to 37 per cent; in August Culver got 49 per cent to Grassley's 22 per cent. . . . In New York, Rep. **Elizabeth Holtzman** has made it official: she'll run for Sen. **Jacob Javits**'s seat, as will **John Lindsay** and consumerist **Bess Myerson**, by all accounts. Javits, who hasn't yet said whether he will run again, is comfortably ahead of all three in the polls. . . . Happy developments for conservatives in the South. In Louisiana, Rep. **Woody Jenkins**, an effective leader, has been named Democratic National Committeeman. Just last month **David Treen** became the first Republican since Reconstruction to be elected governor of Louisiana. . . . In neighboring Texas, 22 Democratic **county chairmen** have switched parties as the state Democratic Party veers sharply left.

■ **Food peddlers** outside the U.S. Embassy in Teheran have gotten into the swing of things. They offer "Death to the Shah beans," "Death to Carter milk," and you can top it all off with "anti-imperialistic tea."

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THE WEEK

■ THE LAST STRAW: The Soviets, observes James Reston, "have educated Carter, who is not a forgiving man."

■ How to scare the money out of those fatcat Democrats? Just tell them what would happen if, *per impossibile*, the Republicans should capture the Senate in November. The latest mailing from the Democratic National Committee to ADA-type liberals warns that a Republican-organized Senate would mean: Strom Thurmond as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee; Jesse Helms, Chairman of Agriculture; Jake Garn, Chairman of Banking; and that wild-eyed hawk, John Tower, Chairman of Armed Services. Come to think of it, the thought might just serve to speed some much-needed dollars into Republican coffers.

■ About the only bright spot in the current package of crises has been the silence of Andy Young, who has yet to take note of the stabilizing presence of the Soviets in Afghanistan. Meanwhile, there is William Sloane Coffin, that theological hambone, who lately recalled: "While visiting the hostages over Christmas, I had the opportunity to talk a little bit about the whole situation with Bruce Laingen, the Chargé d'Affaires, who is one of the captives. It became apparent to me that this dear, sensitive, and intelligent man had, understandably, found his mind and his heart so totally obsessed in the illegality and moral wrongness in the seizure of the Embassy—and in the concern for his own people there—that he was not able to think in any real way about the complaints of the Iranian people . . ."

■ Last month Senator Barry Goldwater told the annual conference of the Institute for Socioeconomic Studies that the people receiving government benefits plus the bureaucracies that ladle them out constitute "the strongest political force in America today." All the handouts add up to large disincentives to work. "Unemployment compensation and earned-income tax credits actually increase unemployment," said Goldwater. "The after-tax income a person earns on the job becomes less attractive than the benefits the program pays if he or she doesn't work." Meanwhile, the NAACP's executive director, Benjamin Hooks, called for more of the same sort of crippling programs to make up for disadvantages suffered by blacks.

■ Last month, *Newsweek* suggested that a Sperry Rand Univac 1100/10C computer, whose sale to the Soviet Union had been approved by the Commerce Department and NATO, might have been used to design the Backfire bomber. A good story, but *Newsweek* missed some angles. "The Univac 1100/10C is a modest computer," *Newsweek* reported. Sperry "calls it a 'lobotomized' computer." Sperry indeed fulfilled the letter of the law by giving the Soviets a primitive single-precision (eight-digit) arithmetic unit. They also included, however, an excellent double-precision (16-digit) unit—which is the only kind the Soviets would find useful in designing bombers. (Sperry denies that their machine has been diverted to military use.) "By some accounts," *Newsweek* went on, "the Soviets were really less interested in the Univac than in 'software' called ASKA, a program designed for use with the Univac. . . . [But since] ASKA is marketed by a Swedish firm, and Sweden does not belong to [NATO] . . . the Swedes are under no obligation to help prevent the flow of sensitive technology to the USSR." In fact, the ASKA program is marketed by IKO Software Services in Stuttgart, West Germany. IKO didn't try to hide the deal; the German government simply failed to act. On April 13, a team from the University of Stuttgart will go to Moscow to train the Russians in the use of their new purchase.

■ The year 1979 was a pretty good one, announces Freedom House in its annual "Comparative Survey of Freedom." Here's the rundown: 37 per cent of the world is "free," 42 per cent is "not free," and 21 per cent is "partly free." Freedom expanded in 21 countries and declined in nine. Nigeria's return to civilian rule was rated as "the most important victory for democracy" of the year, and even though China

Incremental Escalation

Though results are rather scanty,
Jimmy slowly ups the ante,
Cutting things like Coca-Cola
From the kooky Ayatollah.
(Since he lives on yoghurt, mostly,
This approach seems pretty ghostly.)
Sure, by moving slow-ahead he
Dropped the boom on hapless Teddy,
But he's fated to look faded
Doing just what LBJ did.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Our flinty pals in Maine are earning themselves a reputation as the premier dirty-tricksters of the 1980 campaign. Back in November, you may recall, we reported that Reagan supporters had bamboozled the national press by tossing their support in the Maine caucus to an unsuspecting George Bush. The resulting "upset," descried by the jet-lagged boys on the bus, did much to derail the Howard Baker campaign and set off the boomlet for Bush that proceeds apace. Ronald Reagan, tagged for six months by the very same busload of scribes as The Front-Runner, struggled in with a John Anderson-level 7 per cent of the vote—yet not a single national reporter troubled himself to find an answer to the begged question: Why?

Now it's the Democrats' turn, with only a slight change in the script. At the Maine party dinner last month, a straw poll of state activists showed Carter with "surprising strength" against EMK —45 per cent of the total, according to official results. That was cause for celebration in the President's camp, for, as Carter spokesmen were quick to point out, Maine is Kennedy country—a heavily Catholic Democratic Party led by an ardently pro-Kennedy governor. The national press, on cue, sang the Carter song: Carter gaining in Kennedy backyard.

According to a local source of high reliability, however, there was something more to the straw vote than met the reporters' eye. In this account, which we accept as credible, the vote totals were reversed on orders from the White House before release to the press. That is, Carter actually won the Maine vote, but, fearing that premature revelation of his strength might discount the media impact of a subsequent "upset," he chose to hold back some of his support.

■ Yankee ingenuity. Maine isn't the only place where Reagan and Bush are scratching each other's backs, by the way. Their campaign teams joined forces to reorganize the state committee in Connecticut, and in New Hampshire the Bush people are handling some of the rough stuff against John Connally. The Reagan forces, preferring to leave the boat unrocked, want no part of a clash with Big John—but they are more than willing to hold coats while Connally and Bush settle old Texas scores.

From all accounts, the Reagan-Bush strategy is working. Connally has become "obsessed"—in the word of one top advisor—with George Bush. The romance between Bush and the national media is "driving [Connally] up the wall." In Connally's eyes, you should understand, George Bush barely qualifies as the second most important Republican in Houston, Texas, much less the United States of America. He can't understand why George doesn't know his place, which, according to Connally, is somewhere toward the back of the line.

If you're the betting type, you might want to consider a modest wager on a Reagan-Bush ticket.

■ We have just seen detailed state-by-state polls taken for one of the top GOP contenders, and the bottom-line reading is unmistakable: there is no contest for the GOP nomination. As of early January, Ronald Reagan is far out ahead —*everywhere*. Manifestly, Reagan's surveys must be generating similar results. The Californian's hibernation this winter—no statements, no debates, no sustained travel—is the classic front-runner gambit, comparable in many ways to the traditional style of the incumbent

We see only two storm warnings fo Reagan between here and Detroi First, the possibility of a Southern up set triggered by a Connally victory i the South Carolina primary. While th impact of Connally endorsements b state GOP leaders Strom Thurmon and James Edwards cannot yet be meas ured by poll results, it should be re membered that Thurmond has beer instrumental in stopping Reagan be fore. Reagan's veteran campaign man agers are very much aware of this threa and are maneuvering now to defuse it

The other problem, no more than a potential problem at this point, has to do with the peculiar dynamics of a front-running campaign. After months of hunkering down, of playing it safe of taking the middle way in organizational matters, the leading candidate can find it difficult to react quickly and effectively to changing conditions. If an issue catches fire with the public, or if an opponent opens up a new line of attack, the front-runner is sometimes paralyzed by the old habits of his (suddenly) outmoded strategy. He becomes a stationary target, absorbing punishment and unable or unwilling to counterattack. His opponents, emboldened, can swarm over him, accelerating the pace of the campaign. In a small swing state, a campaign can be turned around in a matter of days, even hours.

Given the velocity of political developments over the last six months, we expect that, despite the polls, the Reagan campaign will face a severe challenge somewhere between now and convention time. To put the question in perspective, though, let Reagan strategist John Sears have the last word: "There are two problems in politics. One is being ahead and the other is being behind." —CATO

showed "both advance and retreat," 1979 witnessed the overthrow of "four of the worst governments of our time": Pol Pot's in Cambodia, Nguema Biyogo Masie's in Equatorial Guinea, Idi Amin's in Uganda, and Bokassa I's in the Central African Empire. Chile was promoted from "not free" in 1978 to "partly free."

■ The British Steel Corporation (state-owned) loses $2 million a day. Since 1967, it has eliminated thirty thousand superfluous workers (with generous severance payments); management wants to eliminate 52,000 more. The Iron and Steel Trades Confederation demanded a pay raise matching inflation (17.5 per cent); management offered 6 per cent. "What we have here," said the general secretary of the Trades Union Congress, "is a dispute which stems from the excessively rigid attitude of the government." "You can't just take out more in pay," said Margaret Thatcher, "without more productivity." Last week, 100,000 steel workers walked off their jobs, while other unions agreed not to cross picket lines or transport imported or privately made steel. The Thatcher government faces its first domestic Rhodesia.

■ Professor Milton Friedman's public-television series, *Free to Choose*, made its debut on January 11 with

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What Can You Make From 'Energy'?

Most people think of "energy" as gasoline for their cars or heat for their homes. But 4.5 percent of the nation's oil and natural gas is used by companies like Union Carbide as a petrochemical raw material: every one of the products listed here and thousands more are made from petrochemicals.

- ☐ Credit cards
- ☐ American flags
- ☐ Eyelashes
- ☐ Aspirin
- ☐ No-wax floors
- ☐ Permanent-press clothes
- ☐ Oxygen masks
- ☐ Golf balls
- ☐ Ink
- ☐ Lighter fluid
- ☐ Heart valves
- ☐ Hair spray
- ☐ Attache cases
- ☐ Crayons
- ☐ Steering wheels
- ☐ Wet suits
- ☐ Disposable diapers
- ☐ Food wraps
- ☐ Laxatives
- ☐ Parachutes
- ☐ Stretch pants
- ☐ Trash cans
- ☐ Telephones
- ☐ Rubber duckies
- ☐ Brassieres
- ☐ Enamel
- ☐ Seed tape
- ☐ Wall coverings
- ☐ Transparent tape
- ☐ Card tables
- ☐ Acrylic paints
- ☐ Antiseptics
- ☐ Golf cart bodies
- ☐ Vacuum bottles
- ☐ Vinyl siding
- ☐ Slips
- ☐ Shoe trees
- ☐ Safety flares
- ☐ Warm-up suits
- ☐ Bearing grease
- ☐ Overcoats
- ☐ Ping-pong paddles
- ☐ Rafts
- ☐ Bubble bath
- ☐ Purses
- ☐ Sockets
- ☐ Bookends
- ☐ Weed killers
- ☐ Flippers
- ☐ Planters
- ☐ Football pads
- ☐ Tiles
- ☐ Deodorant
- ☐ Puzzles
- ☐ Air conditioners
- ☐ Panty hose
- ☐ Backpacks
- ☐ Bathinettes
- ☐ Records
- ☐ Typewriter ribbons
- ☐ Footballs
- ☐ Disposable lighters
- ☐ Doorknobs
- ☐ Upholstery
- ☐ Uniforms
- ☐ Phonographs
- ☐ Hearing aids
- ☐ Welcome mats
- ☐ Car sound insulation
- ☐ Racks
- ☐ Pacifiers
- ☐ Dresses
- ☐ Cassettes
- ☐ Garment bags
- ☐ Track shoes
- ☐ Dominoes
- ☐ Fences
- ☐ Car polishers
- ☐ Luggage
- ☐ Kitchen counter tops
- ☐ Protractors
- ☐ Antifreeze
- ☐ Earphones
- ☐ Flashlights
- ☐ Windbreakers
- ☐ Whistles
- ☐ Motorcycle helmets
- ☐ Pillows
- ☐ Clothesline
- ☐ Dune buggy bodies
- ☐ Carpet sweepers
- ☐ Antibiotics
- ☐ Checkers
- ☐ Chess boards
- ☐ Shower doors
- ☐ Soap dishes
- ☐ Yardsticks
- ☐ Shorts
- ☐ Syringes
- ☐ Slip covers
- ☐ Sugar bowls
- ☐ Shoes
- ☐ Paddles
- ☐ Decoys
- ☐ Volley balls
- ☐ Tobacco pouches
- ☐ Sleeping bags
- ☐ Refrigerator linings
- ☐ Pencils
- ☐ Electrician's tape
- ☐ Model cars
- ☐ Midi-skirts
- ☐ Kites
- ☐ Folding doors
- ☐ Mini-skirts
- ☐ Floor wax
- ☐ Garden hoses
- ☐ Mascara
- ☐ Paneling
- ☐ Lawn sprinklers
- ☐ Artificial limbs
- ☐ Rain hats
- ☐ Bandages
- ☐ Dentures
- ☐ Belts
- ☐ Tongs
- ☐ Sports car bodies
- ☐ Stoppers
- ☐ Straps
- ☐ Smocks
- ☐ Tennis balls
- ☐ Tires
- ☐ Tablecloths
- ☐ Measuring cups
- ☐ Rulers
- ☐ Ring binders
- ☐ Reclining chairs
- ☐ Boat covers
- ☐ Tote bags
- ☐ Dishwashing liquids
- ☐ Unbreakable dishes
- ☐ Toothbrushes
- ☐ Extension cords
- ☐ First-aid kits
- ☐ Notebooks
- ☐ Combs
- ☐ Watchbands
- ☐ Darts
- ☐ Flight bags
- ☐ Toothpaste
- ☐ Flea collars
- ☐ Drip-dry dresses
- ☐ Tents
- ☐ Stadium cushions
- ☐ Plastic varnish
- ☐ Finger paints
- ☐ Foul weather gear
- ☐ Foot pads
- ☐ Refrigerants
- ☐ Rugs
- ☐ Nightgowns
- ☐ Sandals
- ☐ Hair curlers
- ☐ Lamps
- ☐ Lipstick
- ☐ Laminates
- ☐ Ice cube trays
- ☐ Typewriter cases
- ☐ Visors
- ☐ Swimming pool liners
- ☐ Laundry softeners
- ☐ Electric blankets
- ☐ Ear plugs
- ☐ Tennis rackets
- ☐ Shirts
- ☐ Drinking cups
- ☐ Canisters
- ☐ House paint
- ☐ Lamp shades
- ☐ Computer tape
- ☐ Cough syrup
- ☐ Rollerskate wheels
- ☐ Movie film
- ☐ Slacks
- ☐ Hampers
- ☐ Lighting panels
- ☐ Yarn
- ☐ Jars
- ☐ Stools
- ☐ Vinyl tops
- ☐ Digital clocks
- ☐ Draperies
- ☐ Ice chests
- ☐ Life jackets
- ☐ Audio tape
- ☐ TV cabinets
- ☐ Model planes
- ☐ Car battery cases
- ☐ Measuring tape
- ☐ Insect repellent
- ☐ Hockey pucks
- ☐ Ice buckets
- ☐ Fishing nets
- ☐ Fertilizers
- ☐ Hiking boots
- ☐ Hair coloring
- ☐ Knitting yarn
- ☐ Toilet seats
- ☐ Towel bars
- ☐ Denture adhesive
- ☐ Frisbees
- ☐ Hair rollers
- ☐ Light fixtures
- ☐ Loudspeakers
- ☐ Movie film
- ☐ Panties
- ☐ Electronic calculators
- ☐ Fishing boots
- ☐ Candles
- ☐ Diving masks
- ☐ Hairbrushes
- ☐ Body suits
- ☐ Water pipes
- ☐ Pails
- ☐ Car enamel
- ☐ Guitar picks
- ☐ Vinyl shingles
- ☐ Switch plates
- ☐ Shower curtains
- ☐ Sponges
- ☐ Detergents
- ☐ Beach balls
- ☐ Ties
- ☐ Sunglasses
- ☐ Bird houses
- ☐ Plastic wood
- ☐ Stuffed animals
- ☐ Car mats
- ☐ Soft contact lenses
- ☐ Dog leashes
- ☐ Dice
- ☐ Trash bags
- ☐ Thermal blankets
- ☐ Drinking straws
- ☐ Afghans
- ☐ Pole vaulter poles
- ☐ Foam insulation
- ☐ Hand lotion
- ☐ Shampoo
- ☐ Shaving cream
- ☐ Aquariums
- ☐ Sails
- ☐ Soft bumpers
- ☐ Safety glass
- ☐ Erasers
- ☐ Radio cases
- ☐ Awnings
- ☐ Knitting needles
- ☐ Fan blades
- ☐ Wigs
- ☐ Window shutters
- ☐ Salad bowls
- ☐ Epoxy glue
- ☐ Punching bags
- ☐ Model ships
- ☐ Shavers
- ☐ Plywood adhesive
- ☐ Parkas
- ☐ Football suits
- ☐ Cameras
- ☐ Shoelaces
- ☐ Swizzle sticks
- ☐ Piano keys
- ☐ Bikinis
- ☐ Bracelets
- ☐ Football helmets
- ☐ Anesthetics
- ☐ Plungers
- ☐ Artificial turf
- ☐ Patio furniture
- ☐ Ashtrays
- ☐ Eye shadow
- ☐ "Tiffany" lamps
- ☐ Typewriter keys
- ☐ Wire insulation
- ☐ Desk organizers
- ☐ Fake furs
- ☐ T-shirts
- ☐ Electric scissors
- ☐ Golf bags
- ☐ Skin conditioners
- ☐ Photographs
- ☐ Outdoor carpeting
- ☐ Tool boxes
- ☐ Salt shakers
- ☐ Screen door screens
- ☐ Sculptures
- ☐ Caulking
- ☐ Fan belts
- ☐ Tape recorders
- ☐ Distributor housings
- ☐ Window shades
- ☐ Dog food dishes
- ☐ Curtains
- ☐ Dog toys
- ☐ Lids
- ☐ Pan handles
- ☐ Slippers
- ☐ Tennis shirts
- ☐ Tent pegs
- ☐ Tennis shorts
- ☐ Vitamin capsules
- ☐ Dashboards
- ☐ Ribbons
- ☐ Putty
- ☐ Percolators
- ☐ Swings
- ☐ Skis
- ☐ Tool racks
- ☐ Folding chairs
- ☐ Charcoal lighter
- ☐ Gas siphons
- ☐ Robes
- ☐ Picture frames
- ☐ Air mattresses
- ☐ Petticoats
- ☐ Seat covers

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"The Power of the Market." From now till March 14, Professor Friedman will appear every Friday at 9:00 P.M. (check local listings) to elucidate such topics as "The Tyranny of Control," "Who Protects the Consumer," "Who Protects the Worker," "How to Cure Inflation," and "How to Stay Free." This important series will also feature exchanges with socialists and other underprivileged folk.

■ In the cause of intellectual sanitation, it comes about every so often that a responsible journalist writes a sentence that simply must be enshrined in the annals of rhetorical sin. On the last day of 1979, Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*, finishing fast, took all the non-prizes. "It was the decade," he wrote, "of Pol Pot and Pinochet, of Idi Amin and the Shah, of Brezhnev and Kissinger." *NR* is sending Mr. Lewis, free of charge, a copy of George Orwell's essay "Politics and the English Language."

■ With its traditional concern for the major health questions of the day, the FDA is threatening regulatory action against the makers of tanning booths. According to the FDA, people might get a sunburn if they stayed in the booth too long or fell down. So the agency is requiring makers to put in handrails, shades for the sunlamps, and other safety equipment. *Please* don't anyone tell the FDA you can get a sunburn outdoors.

■ We look for an enormous improvement in local government in Calumet Township (Gary), Indiana, where an employee has been suspended indefinitely for using witchcraft to induce a welfare client to take part in a food-stamp fraud. Fearing that said employee has "two or three disciples," Calumet Township has also banned "voodoo, witchcraft, spiritualism, spells, or other mind-controlling techniques" on the job. Now if only federal, state, and local governments across the land will follow suit.

Advising Teddy

If your rival tends to swoon,
Locked for weeks in his cocoon,
First, you must accept the fact
That's how caterpillars act.
Later, prodded by the clock
(Is this coming as a shock?),
Caterpillars blind our eyes
As resplendent butterflies.
Maybe you could get a plug
If you acted like a bug.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ A miserable destiny has placed in our hands an 8.4-cent postage stamp carrying a representation of a grand piano (rampant on a field or) and the legend, "Peace unites a nation like harmony in music." Balderdash. The only thing that unites a nation is war against an external enemy. And syntactical balderdash: it's not "like," but "as"—assuming that we can, in peace, speak the same language. And musical balderdash: "harmony" is the battlefield on which the tyrant (the composer) disposes his forces in order to achieve his own serenity, the triumph of consonance over dissonance as he hears it. Ask Shostakovich.

■ Don't look now, but President Carter appears to have regained his inordinate fear of Communism.

Ten Days That Shook The World of Jimmy Carter

In the President's words, a few days at the close of 1979 taught him more about Soviet intentions than he had learned in the three and a half years preceding. The thought prompts questions about the pupil himself and his instructors.

Concerning the President, little needs saying. One of his main traits is a propensity for believing that something is made so by being stated: "words are deeds," as he put it at Notre Dame University in the first spring of his Presidency. Good utterance helps make the world good; reality is molded by what one calls it. Labeling fear of Communism "inordinate" makes secondary a lot of vexatious problems about strategy and power, thus opening the way for a comprehensive reordering of policy priorities.

A President with such a Wilsonian outlook—to apply the most favorable adjective that comes to mind—must be hard to instruct. Even so, the institutions that are supposed to aid presidential comprehension of the world that policy has to cope with must have faltered. Saying this is not to reproach the institutions as a whole, for State, Defense, and the President's own NSC staff all have a significant proportion of talented and sophisticated public servants. The trouble rather is with the fringe on top, heavily loaded with people recruited by Vice President Mondale from McGovern's 1972 campaign entourage. Notably, the Soviet aggression against Afghanistan surprised those circles no less than the Oval Office, and the shock reflected the sort of trauma that attends a spiritual amputation.

The President's prime counselor in foreign affairs, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, is an unlikely source for the needed sort of insight. Vance is celebrated

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or mildness and empathy and is said to be able to it himself into the other fellow's shoes so well that ıe can't get out of them. Vance on one occasion attributed to Presidents Carter and Brezhnev, in his own words, "similar dreams and aspirations about he most fundamental issues." He may well have got he idea from his own advisor on Soviet affairs, the ever gracious Dr. Marshall Shulman, widely recognized for knowing a lot about Russia –most of it not rue. The rest of State is not staffed to fill in the deiciencies. The Secretary's two principal coadjutors ıre a new man in foreign affairs and a Foreign Service old-timer long since ground smooth. Inexperience and the McGovernite slant predominate in other pertinent slots.

The subsidiary Arms Control and Disarmament Agency remains wedded to a non-strategic outlook. No help there.

At Defense, Secretary Harold Brown is an ace on the hardware aspects but no man to argue with a President. He was observed as not even swallowing hard when the President took Andrew Young's advice and overruled him on the B-1 bomber and enhanced radiation weapons. Brown's renowned authoritativeness is said to operate downward but not aloft. His Number Two man on policy is an energetic enthusiast for whatever the going idea may be. The McGovernite outlook—personified in Assistant Secretary David McGiffert and his deputies Walter Slocombe and Lynn Davis—dominates the Office of International Security Affairs. The Joint Chiefs of Staff are tough-talking—but, again, only horizontally, not up the line. The habit of obsequiousness that set in in LBJ's time, if not earlier, persists.

As head of the NSC staff, Dr. Zbigniew Brzezinski retains standing as a realist on Soviet affairs—a definite plus for him (notwithstanding his faddish ideas in other matters). The able Fritz Ermarth offsets Brzezinski's deficiencies in regard to strategic considerations. Brzezinski's realism is diluted by his deputy —David Aaron, a Mondale protégé. The rest of the staff is a mixed bag of sound professionals and McGovernites.

The President's responses to Soviet aggression were formulated at the White House, with the pertinent departments substantially sidelined—another cause for consternation at State and Pentagon upper levels already dismayed by events. And the steps decided on show clear signs of haste. Even the modest initiatives called for will require jettisoning an assortment of policies originated and treasured by the Carter Administration—policies aimed at reducing and obstructing arms transfers, by tethering them to other nations' performances respecting nuclear nonproliferation and human rights, and forbidding the making and export of military instruments not in the U.S. inventory. The Administration's initiatives must surely fall short of compelling Soviet contrition and retraction. So far as they go, they are symbolic—but symbolic of what? A lurch of history or a passing pique?

The late Charles E. Bohlen said once that he had felt history lurch on a late winter day in 1946 when the Secretary of State at the time, James F. Byrnes, said in a staff meeting that the United States' placatory approach of trying to woo the Soviet Union from waywardness to forbearance was futile, that the Soviet regime's obduracy and truculence were inherent, and that the United States must come to recognize that it had a deliberate and long-term adversary to cope with. For Bohlen, that moment (the issue at hand concerned a Soviet attempt to partition Iran by taking over Azerbaijan) marked the onset of the cold war. Successful resistance of Soviet intentions in that instance followed. Scarcely a year later came the Truman Doctrine. The country's nerve and resources were lined up behind a broad policy undertaking.

Does anything as big and definite as that lie ahead, or will there be a renewed Soviet peace offensive and a melting away of resolve before very long? A clue to the answer will lie in what the President does about properly staffing his Administration. For all the talk, it is hard to imagine a real change of policy without a considerable change of faces.

Big Names, Round Heels

Simon and Schuster has now issued a volume called *Our Day and Generation: The Words of Edward M. Kennedy*. It would be amazing if Kennedy's candidacy survived this latest blow.

The printed words here are few. That's the good news. They are surrounded by acres of white paper, as if they were the sayings of Lao-tse, or Japanese *haiku*. Illustrating the "words" are photographic clichés. No book known to us has held its prospective reader in such utter contempt. Kennedy—STOP THE PRESSES!—is against crime, poverty, unemployment, and despoiling the land. He likes babies, young people, the lined faces of the aged, mothers. Carl Sandburg, wherever you are, please call your lawyer.

John F. Kennedy, before running for President, wrote a decent enough book about political independence called *Profiles in Courage*. Edward Kennedy's book should be called *Profiles in Schlock*.

The most interesting thing about this outrage, however, is the academic-literary tides that float it in. It was "edited," whatever that could possibly mean, by historian Henry Steele Commager. It sports a foreword by Archibald MacLeish. Commager purports to

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discern a serious philosophy, of all things, amid the clichés. MacLeish discusses this PR treacle in hushed tones.

A Renaissance courtier, utterly dependent upon his prince for material support—nay, a medieval court jester, who could be dismissed by a nod—would have stopped somewhere short of the abject sycophancy exhibited by Commager and MacLeish, supposedly independent minds, supposedly valuing intellect.

Someone ought to undertake a history of anti-mind since the year 1960, consisting of the intellectual careers blighted by proximity to the Kennedys. After all, in 1960 no law of nature had proclaimed that Arthur Schlesinger Jr. would not become a serious historian. In 1960, Richard Neustadt was thought to possess promise as a serious student of government. Et cetera, et cetera. And now Commager, a middling historian but a historian nevertheless, and MacLeish, a minor poet but actually a poet, have rolled over for that *beau idéal* of intellect, Teddy.

GOP Disgrace in Des Moines

I. The Debate

Considered purely as a production—purely in a visual way—the TV debate among six Republican candidates in Des Moines, Iowa was a hit. It even got good press notices, and the road show, presumably, can now move on to New Hampshire.

As was widely noted, the candidates were actually civil to one another. There was no acrimonious ideological split as in 1960, 1964, and 1968. The candidates even attempted a spot of humor, here and there. All six were obviously intelligent, personable, and for the most part abreast of the issues.

All six, moreover, were, well, *attractive* in a late-twentieth-century way. They were fit, quietly well-dressed, hell, they looked like *joggers*! There were no Everett McKinley Dirksens here, no old pols like Tip O'Neill. These were the best of the modern breed.

Yes, just as was Conrad's Lord Jim, who flunked when it came to courage. That is, five of the six were Lord Jims. When shove came to crunch on two key issues, five of them simply caved in.

All five have been talking a tough game against the Soviets for months. But, *Should we embargo grain sales to the Soviets?* Er, as a matter of fact, no. Listen to the would-be hard-liners:

Connally: "I don't think the Iowa farmers should pay the price for the failure of the Carter foreign policy."

Baker: "I do not support an embargo on foodstuffs to the Soviet Union."

Dole: "[Carter] devastated the American farmer; he made the farmer the scapegoat for past failures of American foreign policy."

Bush: "I disapprove of the President's action."

Crane: "The last thing in the world, it seems to me, we should embargo is the exportation of food."

Well, what can be said about that? These are the Republican "hard-liners." They were later backed up by Ronald Reagan, who skipped the debate but also came out against stopping wheat sales to the Soviets. The Soviet Union is far away, and neither Afghans nor Gulag inmates vote in Midwestern Republican primaries.

On another key issue, five of the six GOP aspirants also flunked. There is a strong case to be made for a heavy tax on gasoline at the pump, a tax to be balanced by equally heavy tax rebates elsewhere. Such a gasoline tax would be designed to achieve a variety of conservation goals. Five of the six would-be Presidents, offering "leadership," drew a second white feather and said no.

II. John Anderson

On a whole range of issues, *NR* would disagree very strongly with Representative John Anderson of Illinois, the sixth Republican candidate in Des Moines. Anderson is a populist on social issues, and not especially sound on defense. But he offered some clarity in this debate.

Anderson on grain: "I disagree with Senator Baker. It's not easy, sitting here in the heart of Iowa, in farm country, to support an embargo on the shippage of grain, but it seems that it is passing strange that those who are critical of our foreign policy as being deficient on grounds that it is weak, when the first real test comes of responding to that kind of overt aggression that has just been taken by the Soviet Union against Afghanistan, are unwilling to accept any measure of sacrifice; to accept some of the cost that has to be borne if we are to send a clear, certain signal to the Russians that we will not toler-

Zapped Again

When Brezhnev says, "Get on your mark,"
He doesn't send a Ramsey Clark,
Nor does he order ships to sea,
Then have them circle, endlessly.
And notice, please, his glacial calm
While squirting Afghans with napalm.
As for what world opinion thinks,
Don't hold your breath until he blinks.

W. H. von Dreele

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ate the kind of conduct that they have just engaged in in Afghanistan."

Anderson on the gas tax: "I would put an emergency excise tax on gasoline and then I would recycle that to the wage-earners of this country; give them, in effect, the biggest tax cut in history—$46 billion—by cutting their Social Security tax in half." (See also "On the Right.")

III. Economic Warfare

President Carter's embargo on certain food shipments to the Soviet Union is clearly a very small and very tentative step toward economic warfare. As such, it represents a national strategic decision, the economic penalty for which indeed, as the five Republicans said, should not be borne by one segment of the American economy, in this case the farmers. Quite possibly, the United States ought to take the initiative in forming the OFEC—an Organization of Food Exporting Countries. The major oil importers also happen to be the major food exporters.

The Nixon/Kissinger foreign-policy program attempted to project commercial links with the Soviets as a way of influencing Soviet political behavior. It would be ironic if sectors of the American economy became so dependent upon the Soviet connection that the Soviet state-controlled market influenced American political behavior.

The Carter Administration is therefore correct to buffer the farmers against the huge losses possible under the grain embargo. The strategic decisions involved—originally to sell, now not to sell—removed the grain from the primary control of the marketplace. The international arena, under conditions of economic warfare, is not a marketplace. When strategic economic decisions are made, on grain, on technology, on other commodities, the segments of the American economy involved should be protected against catastrophic loss by tax credits, compensation, and other special measures.

But, finally, we have yet to hear a good reason for selling a cornflake or a Kleenex to the Soviet Union.

Hovering Over the Bones Of a Dead Policy

The SALT II treaty is in terrible shape. On that point there is virtual unanimity. The only pertinent difference is over whether it is dead or only moribund. The prevailing view holds the former and rules out all hope of resurrection. Within that persuasion, however, there are disagreements over the cause of death. Some say the treaty was run over by a train of events—done in by Soviet military moves in Cuba or by Iran or both. A more likely version is one given by Robert Kaiser, writing in the *Washington Post*: SALT II was already dead before the train hit. It had died because its opponents made a more convincing case than its advocates, so that there just were not enough votes in the Senate to put it over.

Kaiser, whose own leanings in favor of the treaty showed through in his reporting of the Senate hearings, singles out Paul H. Nitze as the agent of SALT's demise. That is a fair judgment. Nitze had a lot of help in making the case against the treaty, but it is hard to imagine that the opponents could have succeeded without his grasp of the analytic details and his synthesizing talent for fitting them together in the big picture. Delivering the death blow to a seriously bad treaty is the crowning achievement of an exemplary career in the public service.

The White House, however, refuses to issue a burial certificate. The President clings sentimentally to a notion of resurrecting the treaty some fine day when current difficulties with the Soviet Union shall have dissipated, and vows an intention to go on abiding by the treaty terms just as if they had been validated. As a noted statesman observed in an earlier time, one of the worst of mistakes is to hover over the bones of a dead policy. For too long the SALT dream has been permitted to dominate strategic policy—subordinating national security to hopes for arms control rather than vice versa. The President would be wiser to face reality and cut the hamper.

Resurgent Supply-Side Economics

Supply-side economics dates back at least to Say's Law in the eighteenth century and was an important part of classical economic analysis. But between 1936, when Keynes shifted the focus of economics to demand, and 1975, when economists Norman Ture and Paul Craig Roberts revived supply-side economics as the basis for Congressman Jack Kemp's tax-cutting ideas, the supply side of the equation was ignored. As a result, economic policymakers conducted economic policy in ignorance of the effects their monetary and fiscal policies were having on investment. And that, Harvard Professor Martin Feldstein told the American Economics Association on December 28, is the reason for the high rate of inflation and low rate of saving in the U.S. today.

Trying to lower the cost of funds to investors, our policymakers embarked on a policy of sustained monetary expansion which in fact brought about inflation and higher nominal interest rates. The policymakers

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watched the nominal interest rate rise, wrongly concluded that the cost of funds was rising to investors, and continued their overly expansionary policy.

Had they been watching the real interest rate on an after-tax basis (i.e., after interest expense was deducted from income for tax purposes), they would have noticed that the cost of funds was falling significantly rather than rising. Furthermore, said Feldstein, it was falling in a way that encouraged the growth of consumer credit and expenditures on consumer durables and housing rather than personal savings and business investment. Because inflation was pushing taxpayers into higher brackets, the value of the interest deduction for home mortgages and consumer credit was rising, thus lowering the cost of borrowing for these purposes, while the after-tax rate of return to savers was falling.

The after-tax cost of borrowed money was also falling to business, but another factor was operating that offset the incentive to invest. Because of historic depreciation and inventory accounting rules that overstate earnings in inflationary periods, the same inflation that was lowering the cost of investment funds was raising the effective tax rate on investment income.

By ignoring the effects of the tax structure on the economy, Feldstein concluded, policymakers have diverted the flow of capital away from investment in plant and equipment and into housing and consumer credit. The appropriate policy for economic growth, Feldstein said, is tight money and low tax rates—exactly the opposite of Keynesianism.

Feldstein's address to his fellow economists is a good indication that supply-side economics made a successful comeback in the second half of the 1970s and is here to stay. We'll all be better off for it.

Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

Road to Zimbabwe

Whose Fanatics?

Silver-lining hunters quickly found something to smile over (wanly) in the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Now, surely, Iran would have to recognize who is the *true* enemy of Islam, and reach an accommodation on the hostages. But the militants holding the Embassy, who have stressed that they take orders only from Khomeini, chose just that moment to demand that the Foreign Minister hand over to them U.S. Chargé d'Affaires Bruce Laingen. They also announced their plans to try another hostage for war crimes—committed in Vietnam. Representatives of "the brave and militant people of Vietnam" will be invited to attend.

The Embassy gang profess allegiance to Khomeini, all right, but so far they have acted on their own initiative, often challenging the Foreign Ministry. On Christmas they enraged Sadegh Ghotbzadeh by independently broadcasting charges that the more or less centrist Iranian Liberation Party conspired with the U.S. during and after last year's revolution. (They have the Embassy documents to prove it.)

All of which, from a strictly Islamic point of view, may seem distracting and counterproductive. From another point of view, however, it makes sense. By keeping the fires hot, the militants keep Moslem eyes on the domestic scene rather than on the menacing neighbor to the north (and, now, the east). And in upstaging and discrediting domestic opposition, they follow the classic Leninist scenario.

By the way, Saudi forces who recaptured the Great Mosque in Mecca found cigarette butts left by the insurgents. Fanatical Moslems would never smoke in the Great Mosque, though other kinds of fanatics might.

Vatican Thermidor

A major development within the Christian churches is likely to have important political consequences. In the Catholic Church in particular, the Thermidor now under way appears to foreshadow a renewed struggle for power between Christendom and anti-Christendom, the Church and Communism. The edges of doctrine are being honed sharp.

In three dramatic and virtually concurrent actions, the Vatican of Pope John Paul II made very clear its intention of insisting on stricter doctrinal and institutional definitions.

Father Hans Küng, a Swiss theologian teaching at the University of Tübingen, has been censured by the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith and enjoined from teaching as a Catholic theologian. That Küng is not a Catholic theologian seems self-

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vident. He is shaky on the divinity of Christ, denies ıe physical resurrection of Christ, denies the virgin irth, and denies the infallibility of the Pope on mat-ers of doctrine. Since those are central Catholic enets, Küng has self-defined himself as a non-Cath-lic theologian. He now faces no barriers to publish-ıg or teaching. All that has been withdrawn is fficial approval. Küng is free to speculate, but not s a *Catholic* theologian, and free to teach, though ot under *Catholic* auspices.

A less clear-cut case involves the Reverend Edward chillebeeckx, a liberal Belgian theologian who was uestioned at length by the Sacred Congregation. ather Schillebeeckx's *Jesus: An Experiment in Christ-logy* has been considered by some of its critics to be ieretical on the divinity and resurrection of Christ, carcely peripheral matters. A different ambiance ap-ears to surround his case, however. In contrast to Küng, Schillebeeckx has protested his orthodoxy and ntered into lengthy discussions with the Church au-horities. Küng has been consistently contumacious.

Finally, in response to an allocution (a formal, au-horitative address) by the Pope, the Reverend Pedro Arrupe, Father General of the Jesuits, has instructed ıis principal subordinates "to employ appropriate irmness in seeking a remedy for regrettable short-comings." The Pope's admonition bears upon a range of issues, from greater strictness in dress and behav-or to the involvement of some Jesuits with Marxist novements in the Third World.

Media coverage of the substance of these disputes ıas been remarkably thin. One infers that from a media perspective a theologian's precise formulation about the divinity of Christ is a matter of little im-portance. These events have therefore been treated as, so to speak, First Amendment cases, which they are not. Any institution must have the power to de-fine its nature and the substance of its beliefs, a power the Catholic Church has exercised historically with re-markable consistency. The present Pope appears to be clarifying the nature of the Church and the substance of its beliefs in preparation for the conflicts to come.

Richard Rodgers, R I P

When a tenor stood in the wings of the St. James Theater on March 31, 1943 and sang "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning," a whole genre of musical comedy slid, unregretted, into its grave. Gone were the non-plots, the discrete sardonic songs, the leggy curtain-raising production numbers. Richard Rodgers had helped precipitate an artistic revolution.

A comparatively trivial accomplishment, considering everything else he did. Revolutions come and go; last year's orthodoxy will be next year's fad. Rodgers's career straddled his own revolution. He could do Roaring Twenties sarcasm with Lorenz Hart, or wholesome Fifties sentiment with Oscar Hammerstein. He composed with or without lyrics. He wore con-servative custom-tailored suits, carried a neat briefcase, and wrote down his melodies any old place. For half a century, he served his craft with diligence, integrity, and an ear of gold. America thanked him with its applause.

Notes & Asides

■ Personnel notes:

1. Beginning in this issue, the Washington column we have published at various intervals (most recently 1973-1975, by George F. Will) will resume, by Neal B. Freeman. Neal Freeman, godson of Archibald Roose-velt, graduated from Yale in 1962. Soon thereafter he joined the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW as editorial assis-tant to the editor, and editorial associate. He served as press secretary for WFB in his campaign for mayor of New York in 1965, but is not to blame for the results. During its first year, he was associate producer of *Firing Line*. He left to join the Washington Star Syndicate, then moved on to King Features, which he served as editor and vice president. In 1976 he re-signed to go to Washington and shortly thereafter launched his own concern, Jefferson Communications, which does all kinds of enterprising things. He has been a director of National Review, Inc., since 1966. He is not only a splendid and entertaining writer and a shrewd observer, but also a splendid fellow.

2. Two features of the *NR Bulletin* will appear al-ternately in NATIONAL REVIEW magazine. The first of these is "On the Left," by Kevin Lynch, wherein we keep our eyes on the Russian fleet and on Russian agents and their fellow-travelers; and "Abroad," para-graphs of special interest about foreign developments, edited by Nicholas King, formerly of UPI and of the foreign service, whose distinguished writings and criti-cism we have been publishing for many years. The creator and original editor of "Abroad" was James Burnham.

3. Concerning whom, we have good news. Mr. Burnham, as his friends know, and as readers in gen-eral have inferred, was partially invalided a year ago —by a stroke. His recovery is wonderfully reassuring, and the sharp-eyed reader will have noticed the picture of him and Marcia Burnham at the testimonial dinner last May for Jim McFadden. He does not yet feel

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competent to do any regular work; we pray that total recovery will come soon. It has never been the same in these parts without him.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A recent issue of *The Nation* was given over to a sustained polemic against Daniel Patrick Moynihan in which he was indicted for, *inter alia*, being 1) a demagogue, 2) a racist, and 3) an unscrupulous scholar. One article revealed that Moynihan received wide press coverage because of his use of the word "floccipaucinihilipilification."

Now, I consulted three unabridged dictionaries before discovering in the New Oxford Dictionary that this polysyllabic monstrosity means "the act of estimating as unworthy."

Questions: 1) Have you ever heard of this word? 2) Have you ever used it? 3) Why is Moynihan the *bête noire* of the Left? 4) How come you know *everything*?

Admiringly yours,
Gordon Hanson
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Mr. Hanson: 1) Yes, have known it for years; it used to be tossed about in the young teen-age set during the Thirties as a can-you-match-this-one word. You have it slightly wrong, by the way. It's flocci-nauci-nihili-pilification, and as the Oxford advises you, it is a humorous agglutination of Latinisms from an Eton grammar. Though I can't find authority for it, we used to give out as its meaning, "full of sound and fury signifying nothing." 2) No. 3) Moynihan is a *bête noire* of the Left because he has their number and is brighter than they are. 4) I don't know everything, but I absolutely know why Moynihan is a *bête noire* of the Left. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

So sorry to learn about the demise of the *Bulletin*. As far as I know it always reached me (even in prison) on schedule, and its contents were entirely attuned to my needs. Had it come weekly, I could easily have eliminated newspapers from my reading fare. The *Bulletin* was a unique publication, and I'll miss it greatly.

If Reagan/Crane/Bush—even Connally—becomes Prez, we might just get a modern postal service.

Yrs. siempre,
Howard [Hunt]
Miami, Fla.

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Pitts

How much do you think we should offer as an exclusive on this?

Dear Sir,

J'm sure that you remember the air accident of the mid-air collision over Zagreb, 10.9.1976.y. when British Airways /trident/ and Inex-Adria /DC9/ were distressed and 176 people killed. Official investigation said, ostensibely, that one air traffic controll officer had been guilty. It was me.

After two and a half years of yaleing, J'm free and in the possibility to point out the truth. Everibody knows that official explanation is tehnicly impossible and lawfully incorrect, but J'm only one who knows what really happened in controll centre, pilots cockpits, jale cells, air staff offices, what secret conversations and arrangements were made, dirty tricks, lies and forgeris, what big money turnovers and conspire with settlements were made, and so on. In the jaleing time J wrote the diary, and after, J collected the opinions, acts and proofs about big game. J possess the handscript of about 1,2oo lists which may be used for idea, sketch or novel for truth story. Any further information and consultations about case details are available.

If you are interested to buy my handscript and to have only, exclusive, reserved right of this story, write with your account offer to my address, before 1.2.1980.y.

Yours sincerely,
Tasić Gradimir
/air traffic controller
Beograd, Yugoslavia

Dear Mr. Gradimir:

Alas, we're broke. Cordially, —WFB

"There it is again—yet another example of our national failure of will and lack of resolve in the world."

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Washington Winners

THE MOST integrated hour of the week in autumnal Washington is 11 o'clock Sunday morning. At that shining moment Washingtonians of every race, creed, and sexual preference come together for the celebration of a sacred rite: the hoisting of the first Bloody Mary before the Redskins game. Later that afternoon, when the Skins take the field at RFK Stadium, resplendent in burgundy and gold, the notion is reaffirmed that the only organized religion in the nation's capital is Redskins football.

Fanaticism is the right word for it. Washingtonians from just north of Richmond to just south of Baltimore follow the Redskins with inexhaustible fervor. The papers pause in their blanket coverage of the team only on Tuesday when they have picked clean the bones of Sunday's game, but by Wednesday they are turning with renewed vigor to the prospects for the following week. Local television stations compete feverishly with each other, first in previews of The Game, then in updates on the progress of The Game, and then, stretching the patience even of the hard-core addict, in running highlights of The Game.

And, to put it delicately, the attention lavished on the team has not gone unexploited. If there is a Redskin player left without his own automobile dealership, it's because he's into private aviation, or because he can't drive. If a player doesn't have his own restaurant, it's probably because he doesn't like to eat out. Even the fringe players of the team, adorned with exotic (and promotable) nicknames, manage to crack the media. A placekicker, of all things, has his own talk show.

The extraordinary popularity of the team is explained to newcomers in terms of "the winning tradition." Beginning with the legendary Vince Lombardi and continuing through controversial, Nixon-era George Allen to incumbent Jack Pardee, the Redskin coaches have led the team to victory regardless of the schedule, regardless of the weather, regardless of the talent of the players. The god of gridiron heroes everywhere, the burly Mo Mentum, smiles upon the Redskins for all seasons.

It will, nevertheless, come as no surprise to citizens of the real America that, however momentous their winning tradition, the Redskins have never won a Super Bowl. No, never. In fact, this year—a year in which Redskin mania reached new levels of hysteria, a year in which Pardee was elected Coach of the Year, a year in which even anonymous linemen won six-figure salaries for six months' work—the Redskins finished out of the playoffs. To give you an idea of the measure of that disappointment, one has only to say that the playoffs are designed by television executives to include as many major markets as logistically possible, the better to milk lucrative post-season play. To finish out of the playoffs, in other words, is to finish in undeniable mediocrity.

INDEED, as one inspects that well-known winning tradition, it becomes clear that the Redskins are winners in a peculiarly Washington sort of way. They are winners in the sense that they have won more than they have lost. They are not winners in, say, the Dallas sense, in which winners are expected to be (and occasionally are) champions. The Redskins never go all the way, but they are, take your pick—promising, impressive, improving, adjusting. The adjectives are interchangeable with those applied to the new Administration, or the new Congress. Washington adjectives.

Our favorite Redskin player is quarterback Joe Theisman. What we admire about him is his congruity with the Washington personality, the way he has learned to groove with the capital's style, the way he promotes symbiosis between the team and the larger community. Before he had thrown his first pass as a professional player, for instance, Joe had written a book telling the world how to play quarterback. This action, as you can imagine, won him the instant gratitude of veteran players around the league, some of whom still hadn't mastered the fine points of the position after ten years of actual game experience. When he was promoted to second-string quarterback, Joe launched a second career, giving motivational lectures to businessmen on how they should run their organizations. More gratitute for Joe. When Joe finally cracked the starting lineup, he stepped out as pitchman for a local bank, instructing his fans on how to invest their money. (Passbook savings, if you can't stand the suspense.) Joe's a real winner. And as Jimmy Carter once said so trenchantly, Washington identifies with winners.

The Redskins won't be in the Super Bowl this year, either. They had a chance a few weeks ago, when they ran up a seemingly unbeatable 13-point lead on the Dallas Cowboys with only two minutes to play. Hundreds of Dallas fans got up to leave, resigned to the inevitable. But the Cowboy quarterback, a plain-spoken Navy veteran, got lucky and started completing bullet passes all over the field. He quickly put 14 points on the scoreboard, running off a series of perfect, straight-from-the-diagram plays. Hell, he probably read Joe's damn book.

The Washington fans were aghast, none more so than congressional delegate Walter Fauntroy, who called for a federal investigation of the National Football League "from its helmets to its cleats." In a particularly apposite bit of capital symbolism, however, the congressman from the District of Columbia is allowed to speak but not vote. Or, as one GOP member said of his colleagues' attitude toward Fauntroy: "It is our solemn constitutional responsibility to ignore him."

After the bitter defeat, Joe Theisman rallied and snatched the last word. Asked what he would look for in post-season play, he said: "I just won't be able to watch the games knowing the best teams aren't in the playoffs." To our ear, that's the authentic voice of Washington. □

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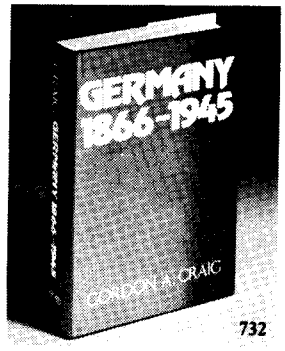

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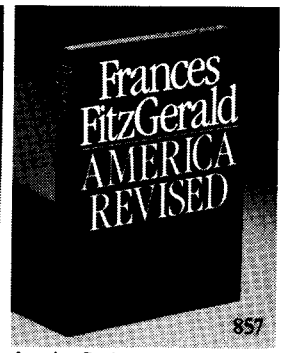

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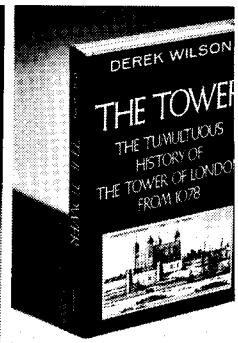

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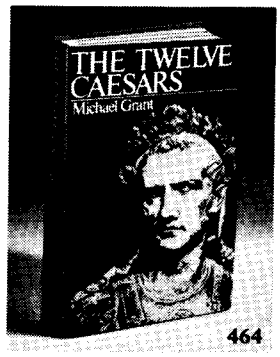

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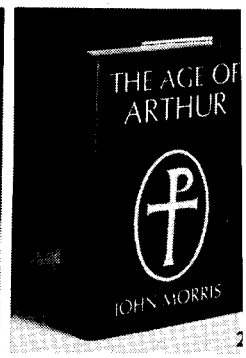

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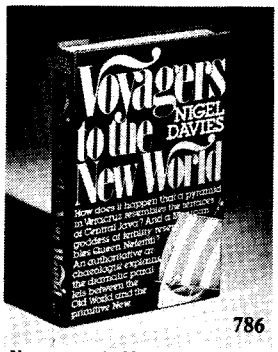

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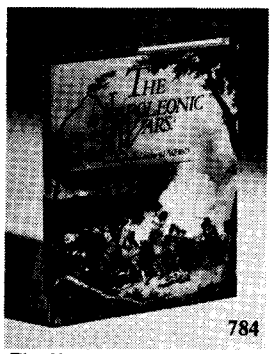

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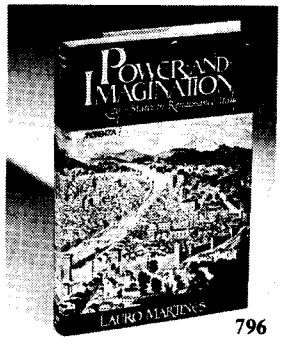

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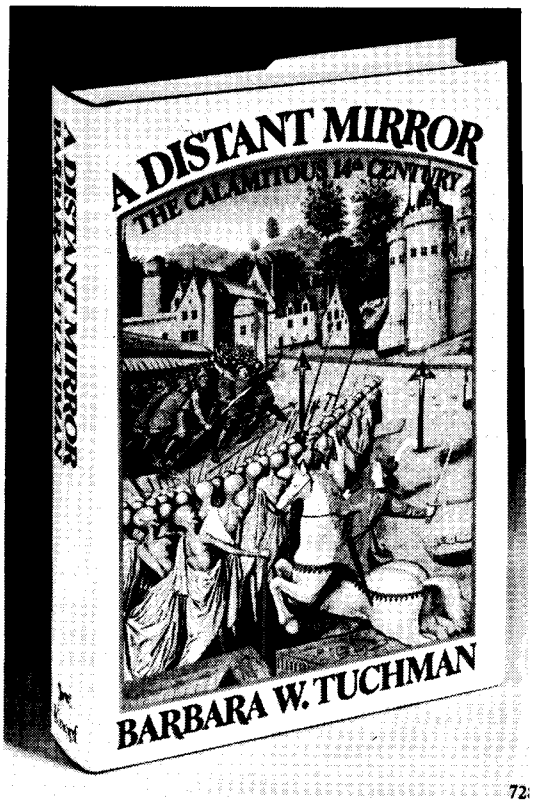

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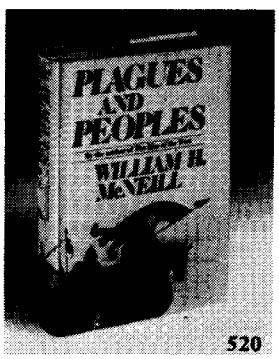

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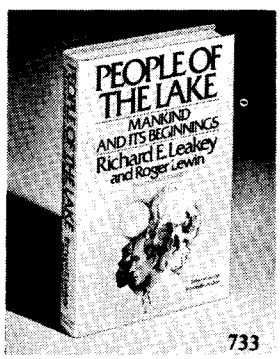

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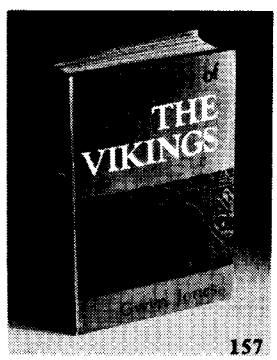

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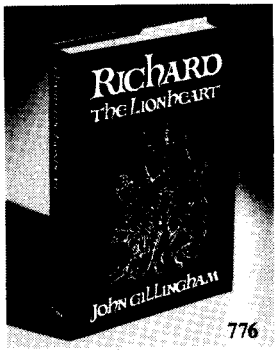

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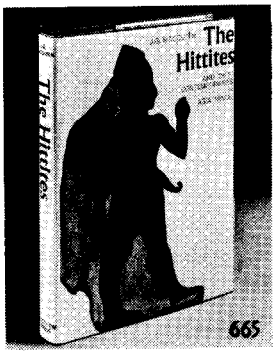

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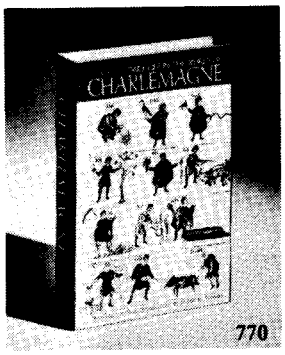

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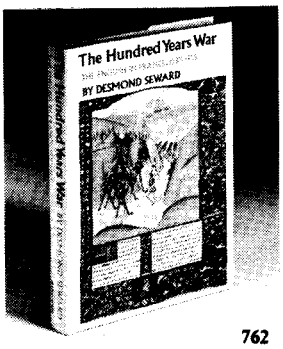

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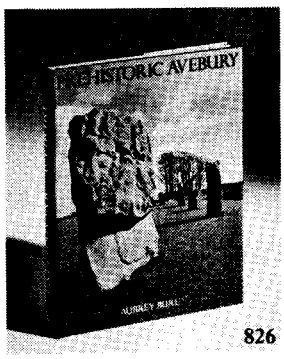

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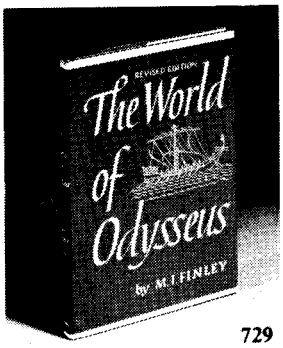

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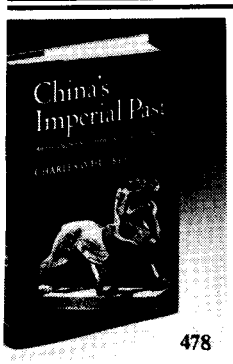

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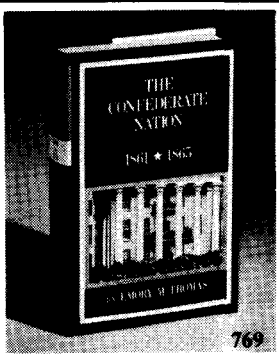

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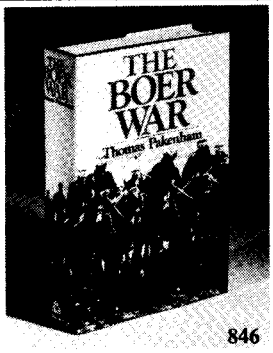

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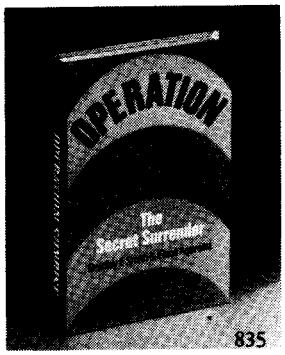

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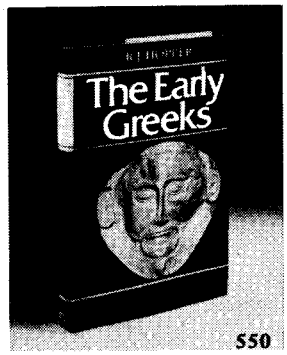

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One-Way Traffic

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

IN THE UNRELENTING war waged by the Soviet Union against the West, propaganda and disinformation play at least as important a part as weapons—perhaps more so, as weapons are for intimidation rather than for use. When the cold war was being fought on the Western as well as the Soviet side, the main Western countries—especially the United States and Britain—gave as good as they got. Indeed, their effort was qualitatively if not quantitatively superior to the Soviets'.

Now that the West has dropped out of the cold war, the propaganda part of it has become a one-way traffic. At a guess, the CIA has reduced its output by 90 per cent since Vietnam and Watergate (and I may be erring on the side of generosity). The British, who were pretty good at it, used to have a highly skilled outfit called the Information Research Department (IRD), housed in the Foreign and Commonwealth Office. That, too, was destroyed under pressure from the extreme Left of the then-ruling Labor Party, responding to a campaign in which the American defector Philip Agee and the KGB played a leading role. In 1976, out went the IRD and in came the OID (Overseas Information Department), a pallid carbon of the original, shorn of counter-subversive capacity and drastically depleted of staff.

One Up for Them

Meanwhile, over the past year or two, the Soviets have greatly strengthened their already formidable propaganda apparatus. As a result, they have been able to chalk up one major success of high strategic yield and, just the other day, a partial failure which was better than they had any right to expect. The major success was President Carter's decision to halt production of the neutron bomb. The partial failure was the decision of the Dutch and Belgians to opt out of NATO's plans for the modernization of the nuclear weapons available to the Alliance.

Let nobody doubt that the neutron bomb (a deliberately misleading label for the enhanced radiation warhead that would have been capable of halting a Soviet tank offensive literally in its tracks by killing the tank crews without damage to towns and cities) fell victim to a well-planned Soviet propaganda campaign. In *NR*'s special issue on the anti-nuclear lobby (February 2, 1979), I chronicled the stages of the vast propaganda campaign that culminated in the President's negative decision.

But just in case doubts remain, let me quote from one of those obscure satellite publications in difficult languages which few people read: in this instance, the theoretical organ of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party, *Tardasadalmi Szemle*, for September 1979. "Admittedly," it said, "the political campaign against the neutron bomb was one of the most significant and most successful since World War II and it has at least temporarily made the advocates of this destructive weapon back down."

The Soviet campaign against nuclear weapons for NATO was every bit as intensive as that against the neutron bomb, although less successful. It began last February and gathered strength after the signing of the SALT II draft treaty in Vienna in June. Brezhnev's speech of October 6 in East Berlin was the stage-managed climax, with his announcement of the unilateral withdrawal of twenty thousand troops and one thousand tanks from East Germany. In each department—men and metal—this was a 5 per cent cut; but pressure, not concession, was the motivation.

From all sides, now, the verbal guided missiles streamed in, aimed at Western Europe and America, but also at India and Africa. If the U.S. helped NATO increase its "Eurostrategic missile potential," the propaganda went, the spirit of SALT would be violated and detente endangered. The European partners of the United States, in particular, were enjoined not to turn their countries into nuclear launching pads.

As usual, disinformation played its allotted part. In ten years, said the propagandists, the Soviet Union had not increased its nuclear striking force in Europe by "a single rocket or aircraft." Nothing was said about the fearsome SS-20s, more than one hundred of which are targeted on NATO's installations, nor was it mentioned that the SS-20s themselves constitute a net increase in Soviet medium-range missiles between 1969 and 1979.

The Scare Tactic

The big guns of the propaganda machine, apart from Brezhnev himself, were also wheeled out. The head of the powerful International Department of the ruling Party's Central Committee, Boris Ponomarev, did his bit in Italy in November.

Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko told the press in Bonn on November 23 that if NATO's plans were implemented, the basis for further East-West negotiations would be destroyed. (Interestingly, Ponomarev's deputy, "Professor" Vadim Zagladin, wrote the opposite in the West German Communist daily *Die Warheit* of November 19, but then he was writing for the faithful, not for those to be intimidated.)

The same Zagladin was accorded a lengthy interview in that fat news magazine, *Der Spiegel*, on November 5. With Zagladin was Valentin Falin, who was Moscow's ambassador in Bonn until 1978. Probed with vigor by a publication which has not always put defense at the top of its list of priorities, the two interviewees competed in evasiveness about the SS-20 and other Soviet weapons of mass destruction.

Not unexpectedly, the biggest of the Soviet international front organizations, the World Peace Council, was mobilized in the war of fear and menace against the new weapons. Mass meetings organized by this body were held in Belgium and Holland, and played their part in the refusal of both countries to accept the improved missiles on their soil. *NR* readers may care to note that the U.S. section of the World Peace Council held its National Founding Conference from November 9 to 11 in Philadelphia and immediately turned its attention to SALT II and terrorism (*pro* in both cases). □

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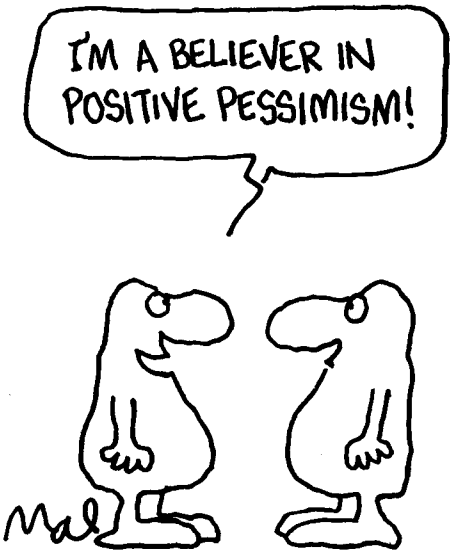
The Three Wise Men of Gotham

Three wise men of Gotham
Floated City bonds at prime.
If the bonds had been stronger
My tale would have been longer.

GEORGE CLOWES

"Pardon me, sir, but might I suggest that you could be wrong about not needing insulation?"



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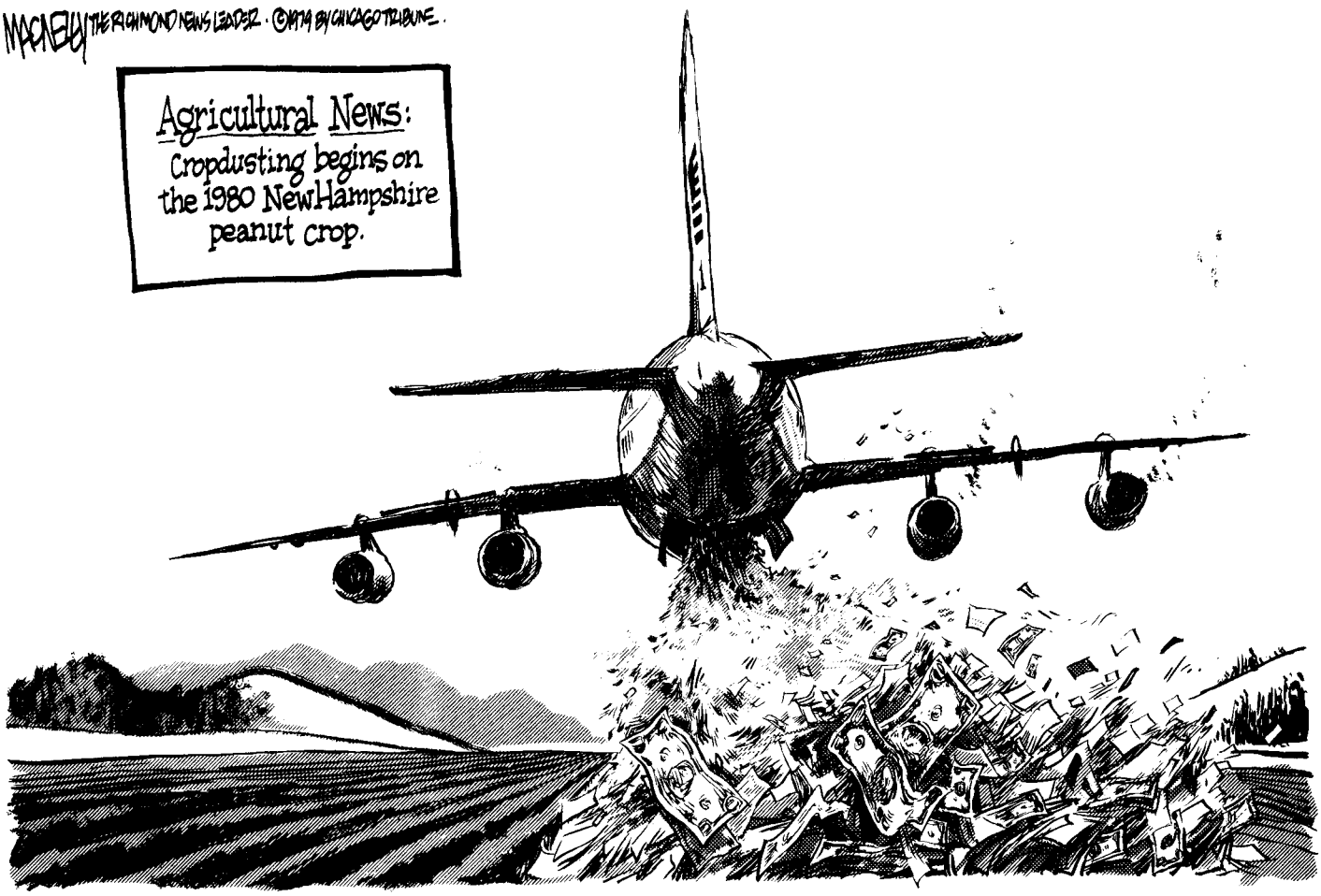
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Agricultural News:
Cropdusting begins on the 1980 NewHampshire peanut crop.

Taxes, Taxes, Go Away

Taxes, taxes, go away,
Come again another day:
California wants to play.

GEORGE CLOWES

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RECALL THOSE GOLDEN MOMENTS

Give Her a "Golden Moment" Hourglass Pendant— An Exquisite Gift of Rare Beauty which uses Gold dust to Dramatically Express Everlasting Love.

Perfect for Valentines Day And Anniversaries — Ideal for Birthdays. Extraordinary for those Special Occasions when you just want to express your "Thanks for the Memories."

For most of us the "golden moments" in life are rare — and there are usually certain moments that we remember most — those which we share with someone very special.

Here's a way — a beautiful and thoughtful way — that you can recall and commemorate the Golden Moments you have shared with her — and at the same time, create a *new* golden moment which she'll never forget.

It will happen the moment you present her with your gift of her "GOLDEN MOMENT" Pendant.

This exquisite piece of original jewelry is designed in the form of a miniature Hourglass made of Pure, Solid 18 Karat Gold. And, it uses genuine placer Gold dust to measure time — and each "Golden Moment" that you will share with her in the future. The outer framework of the Pendant is delicately fashioned to the contour of an Hourglass. The actual crystal hourglass, which contains the Gold dust, is mounted on a pivoting Gold yoke and can be easily turned to reverse the flow of gold and start the passage of another new "golden moment."

The Gold dust used in this unique piece of Collector Jewelry is taken from the creek beds and streams located in one of America's oldest and most famous gold mining districts — "Gold Hill" — near Boulder, Colorado. It is slowly and painstakingly "panned" by hand in the very same way that Rocky Mountain prospectors have been collecting gold dust and nuggets ever since the Gold Rush Days in 1849 — for over 130 years.

The Hourglass shape has long been the symbol of eternity. So, a gift of this lovely Hourglass Pendant is a tender way to express your everlasting love. Whenever she wears this unique Pendant, she'll remember those shared "moments" and smile. And, after all — what pleases a woman more than the sentiment expressed with gifts of Gold and Diamonds. Whenever she wears it, it will start conversations — and give her a chance to tell others about the wonderful memories it represents.

RARITY ASSURED — NOT AVAILABLE IN STORES

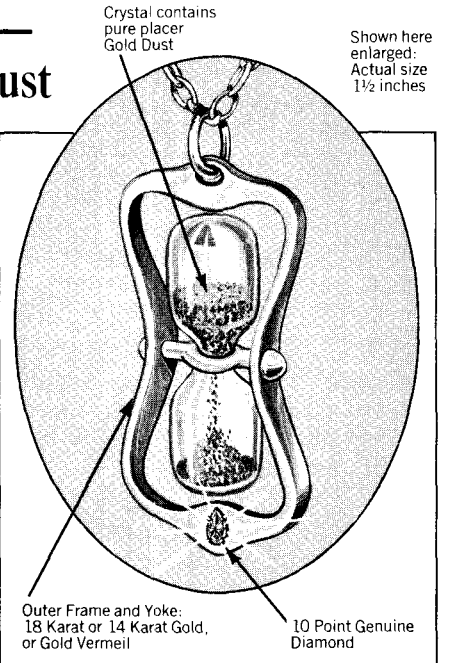
To assure the rarity, the Limited Edition version of these extraordinary Pendants is being restricted to just 2,500 pieces, worldwide. They are being issued exclusively through our organization, the Limited Editions Collectors Society of America, and are being offered to collectors of fine, handmade jewelry, and to those individuals who are seeking truly unique "Collector Jewelry" pieces for gift-giving.

The design (which is protected by a copyright) was created at the J. T. Inman Goldsmith workshops. Perhaps you have already heard about, or seen, some of the other original creations which have been handmade at Inmans. They are a small "specialty" jewelry model shop, located in Attleboro, Massachusetts, that has been designing and making unique, fine, handcrafted "specialty" jewelry since 1882, serving clients such as Tiffanys, Cartier, Neiman Marcus, Shreves, Halls, and other fine jewelers for many years.

These extraordinary Pendants were created by Inman's designers exclusively for us, for sale to members of the Collectors Society and to other collectors interested in participating in this Limited Edition offer. They will <u>not</u> be sold through retail jewelry stores or department stores, and the *only* way to obtain them is by responding to the Society's advertisement.

A Registered Edition is also available in 14 Karat Solid Gold or Gold Vermeil (Solid Sterling Silver plated with Gold). However, when the Limited Edition is completed and sold out, all dies and molds will be destroyed, and both Editions will be closed forever.

The Registered Edition can also be purchased without a Diamond — at a much lower cost. In fact, you can own one of these remarkable Pendants for as little as $125.00.


Crystal contains pure placer Gold Dust
Shown here enlarged: Actual size 1½ inches
Outer Frame and Yoke: 18 Karat or 14 Karat Gold, or Gold Vermeil
10 Point Genuine Diamond

The Hourglass — symbol of Time and Eternity — Fashioned of Pure 18 Karat Gold, Uses Gold dust to Measure the Golden Moments you spend with her.
And, the Gemstone — a Genuine 10 Point Diamond — is Forever.

1,000 pieces of the Limited Edition have already been allocated to fill the orders which are expected as a result of a private offer being sent to the Society's own membership list. This group now numbers in excess of 8,000 serious collectors, nearly half of whom have been subscribers to our previous offers of unique "Collector Jewelry."

The remaining 1,500 pieces in the limited issue are being offered to the general public in advertisements such as this one, which are appearing in a number of national publications that will eventually reach over 10 million affluent readers.

We offer you an opportunity to be among the very first collectors who will obtain this new Limited Edition piece. It makes a wonderful gift for Valentines Day, anniversaries, plus birthdays and other important "special" occasions. It not only makes a unique, charming, and thoughtful gift, but it is one of the finest, and the most *meaningful* that you can ever give when you want to tell someone how much you care about the moments you have shared with her.

AN EXCEPTIONAL VALUE — INDIVIDUALLY HANDCRAFTED

The Pendant is sturdy and solidly constructed, yet it is very comfortable for her to wear. Its sparkling 10 Point, pear-shaped Diamond is mounted into a deep, firm "setting" to make sure it is secure.

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The placer [illegible]d dust is permanently sealed into [illegible] crystal Hourglass and cannot be los[illegible]t will maintain its golden glow for endl[illegible]s moments — forever.

You will b[illegible]able to tell her that her Pendant has been individually hand-crafted, cast [illegible] skilled goldsmiths, and then hand-assembled and polished with the utmost meticulous care. Seventeen separate hand operations are required to assemble each and every Pendant prior to the final inspection by the Master Goldsmith. Every Pendant comes with a 12 Karat Gold-filled Chain, 24" long, which she can easily adjust for casual or dress wear.

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There is a simple explanation for this outstanding Pendant value. The Limited Editions Collectors Society makes all of its exclusive offerings *directly to the public*. Its products are not distributed through retail stores, catalog houses, mail-order marketing syndicates, who must add "markup" to the items they purchase for resale.

Because of the very small quantity of Pendants being offered, if you wish to share a new "golden moment" with the special person in your life and commemorate those important golden moments in your past, we strongly recommend that you act promptly by mailing us your order using the coupon below, without delay. Or, better still, to be *sure* that your Pendant is reserved for you, *call us at our toll free number* - 800-225-5252 — to place your reservation before mailing your order.

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There is another advantage to this extended one year guarantee. You may acquire your Pendant *now — before the Edition is closed* — and still present it as a gift at a later date — Valentines Day or Mothers Day or, an anniversary or birthday that is still many months away or as late as Christmas 1980.

The Collectors Society is a private organization, founded by a group of avid collectors, art lovers, and historians, including some who have distinguished themselves in the fields of Arts and Letters. In addition to creating and marketing unique and exclusive fine Collector Jewelry, the Society also issues authentic reproductions and replicas of historic artifacts, plus exclusive artworks and official Commemorative products. It has received a number of important awards for excellence and has been commissioned by a number of non-profit organizations, including the Winston Churchill Foundation, the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge, the Old North Church Museum, and the John F. Kennedy Library Fund, to create and market their official commemoratives to collectors.

Every collector item issued by the Society is protected with a Certificate of Authenticity signed by the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Collectors Society. Your Certificate, showing the serial number of the particular Pendant sent to you (the number recorded in the Society's Master Registry of Ownership and microfilm library), will be sent to you within thirty days after you have received delivery. This protects your investment against inferior imitations or counterfeits and also documents the value of your serially-numbered Pendant for insurance purposes.

The "GOLDEN MOMENT" Pendant is truly a captivating piece of Collector Jewelry and a gift which she is sure to treasure always — one which will assure many more golden moments each time she wears it.

We again stress the fact that only 1,500 are being publicly offered. So, to avoid possible disappointment or needless delay, we strongly suggest that you mail your completed order coupon just as quickly as possible before the small Limited Edition is completely sold. There is also another reason for acting promptly. Due to the volatility of the gold market, we cannot guarantee the prices published here for any longer than thirty days.

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Abroad

Belgrade *The Balkan Mosque*

The international Moslem ferment has erupted in an unexpected place—Yugoslavia—and Marshal Tito has threatened to use "severe measures" to quell any resulting disturbances. There are now well over three million Moslems in a total Yugoslav population of 22 million, stemming from the long Ottoman rule over the Balkans. Yugoslavia's Moslems are concentrated in the southwestern republic of Bosnia and Herzogovina, once the Austrian Empire's most restive province, where they make up the largest of three ethnic communities, outnumbering the Greek Orthodox Serbs and the Roman Catholic Croats. Bosnia has been the scene of fearful intercommunal massacres, as recently indeed as World War II. A Bosnian political leader lately accused Moslem newspapers of spreading religious intolerance. Tito has visited Bosnia to back up a campaign against agitating Moslem clerics and personally warned them against fomenting either religious or ethnic unrest.

Paris *President-Making, 1981*

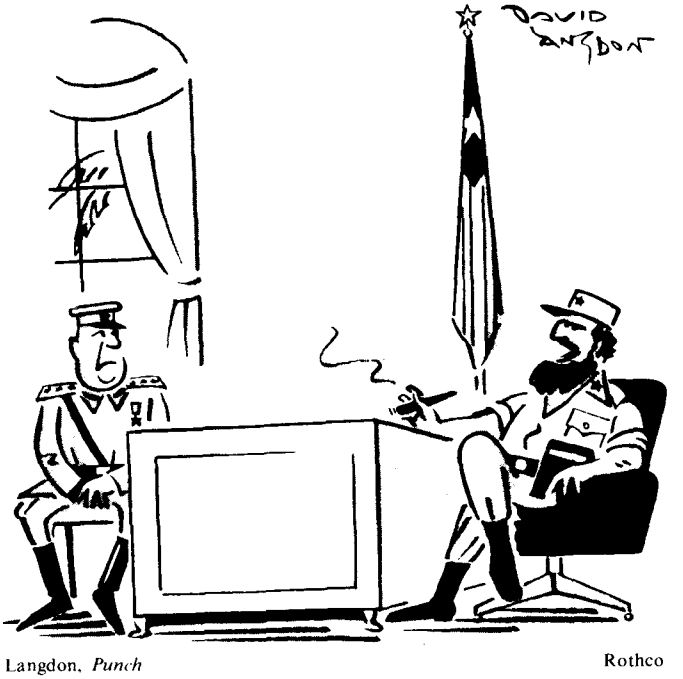
The presidential election is not until next year. But the political leaders who hope to wrest the Elysée Palace from Valéry Giscard d'Estaing are already campaigning in full cry. Chief among these is the left-wing warhorse François Mitterrand, whose Socialist Party claims to speak for all the Left, despite Communist objections, and who has fought many an unsuccessful battle for French leadership in the last thirty years. Mitterrand somewhat eclipsed the powerful French Communist Party in the legislative elections of March 1978, when left-wing electoral alliances collapsed. But he is actively challenged within his own party by younger men such as Marcel Rocard, and his candidacy for the presidency will first have to deal with conflicts within Socialist ranks. If he achieves the desired control, he can confidently expect to represent the whole non-Communist Left in the struggle against Giscard. Meanwhile, polls, television interviews, public debates, and the rest of general electoral activity is going into full swing, American-style. The odds now are that Giscard will be re-elected fairly easily to another seven-year term provided economic stability is maintained. Incumbency really does count for something in France.

Salisbury *The Frontiers Open*

The novel problem of re-opening a country's frontiers now faces the authorities of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia, following agreement on a new constitution and the end of guerrilla warfare. During the recent years of fighting and political deadlock, all commercial traffic ceased between here and the neighboring states of Zambia and Mozambique, with chaos and hardship to all economies concerned. Zambia for example has urgent need for 300,000 tons of corn to compensate for a disastrous harvest. Until now it had no possibility of importing such an amount via the back-country routes available to its suppliers. Both Rhodesia and Zambia have suffered from being cut off from the Mozambique port of Beira on the Indian Ocean, the only practical place of transshipment for both Zambian copper and Rhodesian chrome ores. The restoration of sunken ferries and bombed bridges across the Zambezi River will also help, and trains in Rhodesia can now operate again at night without fear of sabotage. But transport facilities cannot be restored in a day. The port of Beira, for instance, is badly silted up because of the cessation of Rhodesian and Zambian exports by ship, as well as the subsequent loss of foreign-exchange revenues. Bombing damage along the frontier and guerrilla destruction of railroad and highway beds will require laborious repairs. Closed frontiers open slowly.

Paris *And Now, le Jogging*

"Footing" is sweeping France. Some jog in the bathroom to the monitoring of computers. Others run in the eight-kilometer race around the ramparts of Avignon. Ten thousand men and women started in the "Twenty Kilometers of Paris," which touched base at all the capital's famous monuments, while the Paris Marathon now ranks with marathons in New York, Boston, and Tokyo. Running magazines like *Courir*, which publishes pages of "Where to Run This Month," have cropped up like hay. Translations of American running manuals as well as domestic products sell in the tens of thousands of copies. Salt pills to stop water loss, cod-liver-oil candies to fight fatigue, glucose drinks to stem thirst, and muscle-stimulating tablets have flooded drug counters. The first shop devoted exclusively to jogging, Marathon Montmartre, has opened under the direction of attractive, blonde, 29-year-old Raymonde Cornou, who ran in last year's New York Marathon and holds the French record for the 100-kilometer run (9 hours, 16 minutes). "People come here from everywhere," she says. "Business is fantastic."



Langdon, *Punch* Rothco

"You just sit tight, Comrade. You know how many U.S. Presidents I've sat through?"

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IRAN

Why Khomeini Can't Last

NORMAN B. HANNAH

IRAN'S ORBIT in history has always been eccentric—like a comet which rises high in the heavens only to sink below the horizon for long periods. Constancy is not a characteristic Iranian quality, nor is a taste for modernization. Having toppled the Shah, Iran is now off on a new, fiery, frenzied tangent. Gradually, the frenzy will dissolve and the Iranian orbit will respond to the natural laws of political reality; but in the meantime a bit of history might be helpful.

Who remembers that in June 1906, during the Iranian Constitutionalist struggle, some 12,000 Iranian businessmen and religious leaders took sanctuary (they call it "*bast*"—an ancient Persian tradition) first in a mosque and, when that failed, in the British Legation compound? They were protesting the cruelty of the Kajar Shah's Grand Vizier and demanding a constitution, which, with British encouragement, the Shah granted just a few days before he died. Soon thereafter, his son threw the new pro-Constitutionalist Grand Vizier into chains, and in June 1908 he called in the Russian Empire's Cossacks to deal with Parliament when it disapproved a loan he wanted. Not until July 1909 was Teheran liberated from Cossack control by Bakhtiari tribesmen—just in time to forestall the arrival of three thousand Cossack reinforcements, who had landed on the Caspian shore.

To be sure, occupation of a diplomatic compound is not the same as confining diplomats to their own embassy, hands tied. Still, there is a synchronous drumbeat in the two cases. The Shah was the real target in 1906 and Britain was the instrument, even as, today, another Shah is the target and the United States is the instrument. Britain's problem was simpler. The Shah was in Iran and vulnerable. In complying with the request to pressure him into promulgating a constitution, the British were serving their own interest, which was to reduce his role as a tool of the Russians.

Mr. Hannah, a contributing editor of NR, *is a retired foreign service officer who served as consul in Tabriz, second secretary in the U.S. Embassy in Teheran from 1953 to 1955, and director of Iranian affairs in the Department of State from 1955 to 1957.*

Today, the Shah has been deposed, is no longer in Iran, and is far less vulnerable to pressure from Iran whether applied directly or through the United States. Moreover, yielding him up was ethically and legally inconceivable for the United States. But that is Cartesian thinking, which Iran is immune to at the moment. The logic of Khomeini today, as of the Constitutionalists yesterday, is to achieve a domestic objective by pressuring a foreign power.

Whence comes the Iranian obsession with the doings of great powers? Why the charges that the U.S. master-minded the invasion of the Great Mosque in Mecca, that the U.S. Embassy is a den of spies, that the Embassy must be booby-trapped to foil American "secret agents," that the U.S. controls the Security Council, that the U.S. is the "Great Satan"? How can Khomeini blame purely Iranian inter-ayatollah revolts in Tabriz on "plotters with orders from America"? It is a perverted obsession which grew in fertile soil.

Back in 1814, Iran first had to cede its Caucasian provinces to Russia, and then, in return for an annual subsidy of £150,000, it bound itself to Britain *against* Russia (and Napoleon). Throughout the nineteenth century, the venal Kajar Shahs kept Iran in constant economic peonage to both Russia and Britain in order to finance their vanities, borrowing from one to pay the other while mortgaging the receipts from the customs bureau and from various monopolies. In 1907, Russia and Britain partitioned Iran into spheres of influence.

The old Persian dynasty used the Cossacks to enforce its will, and, indeed, the Czars were only too happy to have a foothold in Iran. Peter the Great's alleged political testament (well-known in Iran) prescribed: "Excite continual wars, not only in Turkey but in Persia. . . . And in the decadence of Persia, penetrate as far as the Persian Gulf . . . advance as far as India . . ." And in 1918, Soviet publicist K. Troyanovsky wrote: "If Persia is the door through which one has to go . . . to India, we must foment the Persian revolution . . . Persia is the first nation that must be conquered by the Soviets." In 1921, the Soviets actually set up a short-lived puppet Soviet republic in the Iranian province of Gilan on the Caspian. And in 1940, Molotov wrote Hitler that, "The area in . . . the general direction of the Persian Gulf is recognized as the center of the aspirations

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of the Soviet Union." In 1941, Britain and the USSR again partitioned Iran into spheres of occupation and ousted the Shah's father for having been "manipulated by the Germans." And right after World War II the Soviets tried to carve from their sphere a separate puppet Azerbaijan republic.

So that, indeed, Iranians have some reason to be wary; which wariness, however, has turned into an obsession with ubiquitous, sinister foreign manipulation.* During the Mossadeq period in the early 1950s, when Britain and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (AIOC) were the targets, any untoward or unexplained event was automatically attributed to "British agents" or to an "unseen hand," which usually meant Britain. Responsible politicians would whisper in a conspiratorial manner that there were not one but two Tudeh (Communist) parties, one manipulated by the USSR and the other, a spurious Tudeh, manipulated by the British. And when the U.S. sparked the creation of an international oil consortium to replace the AIOC, it was assumed to be "manipulating" the British. When the United States supported a new regime after the overthrow of Mossadeq, it was supposed to be "manipulating the Shah." In Iran, sinister foreign manipulation is the universal vehicle for transferring blame.

If we are witnessing a reappearance of old patterns, does the experience of Mossadeq's anti-British campaign to nationalize oil yield a basis for prognosis? Yes and no. Both then and now, fervent nationalism and xenophobia, heated by fevered romantic dreams long suppressed, led to excessive demands that painted the country into a corner. It was as if the Mossadeq government believed that by rushing to proclaim the most outrageous position imaginable it could somehow transfix or paralyze the other side—without even considering the other side's options. After nationalizing oil, Mossadeq, thinking with his heart (or viscera), rejected a World Court finding (which Khomeini may also get a chance to do); scorned British compromises; turned down American proposals; rejected World Bank efforts; and vowed to do without oil, even preferring the destruction of Abadan to dealing with the British. Then, as his strategy, based purely on emotion, flagged and his local support began to fade, he linked his party to the Communist Tudeh rather than retreat. He even threatened to throw himself and his country into Communist hands if the U.S. didn't bail him out, like a man who points a pistol at his own head, saying, "I'll shoot myself and *then* you'll be sorry."

Khomeini has not quite reached this stage, but he has escalated from demanding the return of the Shah to endorsing violation of international law, to threatening to convict the hostages as spies, to boycotting the Security Council, to calling for a holy war. As he steadily discards politicians who could help him and gets no response to his call for holy war, he may yet find a way of threatening national suicide to punish *us*.

But there are major differences between 1953 and 1980. Today, there is no army able to take over when the breakdown nears. Today, there is no one to play the role the U.S. played in the 1950s to help a new regime. So far, Iran's holy men have rejected the USSR, and, given the long history of Russian abuse and treachery, most Iranians have an instinctive distrust of Russia, which will be revived by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Most important, in the present struggle the clergy's triumph is complete, whereas Mossadeq's three-legged power base included the Communist Tudeh and his own Nationalist Party, as well as the clergy under Ayatollah Kashani.

This clean sweep by the clergy, overwhelming all secular political groups, and symbolized by Khomeini's humiliation and dismissal of Bazargan's government, is the most dramatic—though not necessarily the longest-lasting—aspect of the revolution. It requires us to plumb the clerical bile that has been accumulating since World War I, after which Reza Shah, like Ataturk in Turkey, set out to create a modern secular state. Since then most political leaders have seen the clergy as an obstacle to progress whose power had to be reduced. The appropriation of clerical lands and trust funds, promulgation of civil and criminal codes, establishment of civil marriage registers, creation of girls' schools, abolition of the veil, restrictions on dervishes, opening of mosques to foreign visitors, termination of Shia self-flagellation, and, in 1974, termination of monthly government allowances to mullahs—all these and more have been used to beat back a clergy which has been made an object of scorn and humor. Mossadeq made use of the Islamic Fedayan, but policy was made in the secular sector. Today's revolution, however, has been whipped up by a whirlwind of clerics determined to even up the score of the past sixty years and return to an Islamic golden age.

Today's revolution has been whipped up by clerics determined to even the score of the past sixty years and return to an Islamic golden age

The immediate result has been to remove Iranian decision-making from the reach of reason. Moderate political elements have no escape but to turn to the far Left, giving the Tudeh a solid position from which to move when the theocrats crumble. And crumble they will when the fever they have generated finally dissipates, because they cannot govern, and will not follow advice, preferring to oust the moderates—Bakhtiar, Bazargan, Sanjabi, Yazdi, Banisadr. Even the moderate Ayatollah Shariat Madari is distancing himself from Khomeini. After reading Ayatollah Khomeini's draft constitution, an Iranian lawyer remarked, "They will have to change it because it cannot be applied."

Yet despite the instability and imbalance which seem to characterize Persian history, Iran remains a gifted, industrious, progressive, God-fearing nation. The Shah and his father changed Iran in ways that will not be reversed—nor would most Iranians want them reversed. Iran is no longer a poverty-stricken, static, medieval society shaped at the feet of mullahs in mosque schools. Iran is a rich, populous nation, largely literate, with hundreds of thousands of college graduates, professionals, technicians, scientists, artists. These people are increasingly accustomed to modernism—to music,

* An amusing instance of diplomatic manipulation, which probably even the Iranians have forgotten, occurred in 1664 with the first Russian Embassy visitation to Iran. The Russian delegation, eight hundred strong, after being royally entertained in Isfahan, was revealed to consist of Russian merchants who had been permitted by the Russian government to assume the role of diplomats in order, clandestinely, to profit from the opportunity to evade customs.

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radio, TV, household appliances, autos, newspapers. They are accustomed to an expanding economy and proud that their country is now a great power in the Middle East and Asia. Though they have not mastered the processes of constitutional government, they have been bitten by the democratic bug and want participation—not catechisms from Qom.

The Iranians are Moslems, but their Persian ancestors were highly cultured and sophisticated a thousand years before Mohammed was born. Khomeini may prohibit music as the "opium of the mind," but the Persian lute is part of a pre-Islamic culture. Islam forbids artistic representation of the human form as blasphemous, but for three thousand years Persian art has been a parade of men and women at sport, at the table, at romantic dalliance. Khomeini may ban the consumption of alcohol pursuant to Islamic dictate, but Persian wine has been produced and drunk since before Alexander sipped it on Jamshyd's throne in Persepolis, and wine is a familiar leitmotif of Persian poetry.

Of course, all this does not obtain release of the hostages. But it is important to know that their captivity is not simply an isolated and arbitrary act. The situation reflects certain familiar syndromes which have been observed before in Iran—a tendency to try to attain domestic objectives by fixing an uncomfortable grip on a great power; a fatal weakness for defeating their own objectives by intemperately going too far; the corrosion of authority by perceived failure. This suggests a fundamental premise for our calculations, i.e., that theocracy is not a long-term system for Iran, and that Khomeini is a desert whirlwind, which is frightful and devastating while blowing, but will dissipate. The contours of the present polarization were set by Iran, but in fact the pattern actually squeezes progressively harder on Iran than on the U.S. and, unless altered, will eventually lead to internal failure.

And when the breakdown comes, it should come as the result of an internal perception in Iran that the Khomeini theocrats have failed—failed to get the Shah, failed to force the U.S. either to capitulate or to lose self-control, failed to excite a holy war, failed to obtain international support for a shocking violation of all law, and failed to manage the country. It is the gradual perception of failure that will bring the eccentric Iranian comet back into the concentric orbit of the world. What destroyed Mossadeq was not nationalization of oil but his subsequent failure to get the oil flowing again and the country moving. His turn to the Tudeh was proof of his failure, and his final overthrow was only the *coup de grâce*. Similarly, Khomeini's failure will result not from overthrowing the Shah but from inability to run the country afterward—and from an excess of spleen and shortage of judgment.

If this is so, then the framework of polarization which the Iranians erected around us now indeed surrounds them and will continue to do so, despite the Shah's departure for Panama. Each succeeding day's wild, irrational floundering over what to do about the hostages proves to Iranians, as well as to the world, the incapacity of the present actors (hardly leaders) to govern.

What next? Having locked themselves into a self-defeating half nelson with the U.S., they can escape only through internal political dynamics. That means that the Iranians must find their own way to disengage: and the sooner the better, because time erodes the moderate political Center, thereby creating a vacuum into which the extreme Left will try to move as soon as it perceives that the theocratic regime is crumbling. By his fanatical insistence on total theocracy and a constitution that makes of him an absolute ecclesiastical emperor for life, Khomeini is storing up a frightful backlash against the clergy and against Shia Islam itself. This backlash is probably inevitable, but it is in our interest (and Iran's) that when it comes, it be managed by the Center, clerical as well as secular, rather than used by the Tudeh (Communists) to wipe out potential opposition.

Just at this point, the Russians have introduced a powerful new factor with their invasion and intended satellization of Afghanistan, which bears a complex relation to the Iranian situation. In the first place, it probably would not have happened if the Iranians had not destroyed their own armed forces and immobilized the U.S. in the region. On the other hand, the fact that the Iranians reacted as promptly and clearly as they did—denouncing the Soviet act as anti-Islamic—is an encouraging sign that, however bereft of reason Teheran seems today, it has not lost its instinctive recognition of its historic enemy, Russia, whether Imperial or Soviet. By reminding the Iranians who their real historic enemy is, the Russians may have helped to start the process of re-focusing Iran's hatred away from a distant, temporarily irritating symbol (the U.S.) and toward the giant predator permanently next door. More than anything else, this might enhance the position of the political moderates in Iran and accelerate a formula for early release of the hostages. Let us hope so. But it could be otherwise.

Unlike the Administration's pious deplorers and eclectic

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dabblers, the Soviets are hard-headed, far-sighted, and occasionally daring strategic chess-players. One can assume they calculated the Iranian factor before acting in Afghanistan. Without knowing, we can speculate on some of their calculations:

1. Their "friends" in Iran are already well enough positioned to exploit an Iranian breakdown if it comes. The Tudeh, like beavers, are swimming on the surface with the Khomeini current against the U.S. while building subsurface dams which might one day rechannel the flow when the Khomeini current wanes. Some of the well-armed Marxist Fedayan, even the Mujahedin, could be used and then discarded. Just as Moscow discounted the predictably negative world reaction in the interests of higher stakes, it may also have determined to shrug off the initial Iranian reaction in the belief that the pieces would fall into place anyway—courtesy of the wrong-headed old Ayatollah. Moreover, by acting boldly in Afghanistan, Moscow telegraphed a message of confidence and boldness as well as fidelity to its "friends" in Iran (unlike the message telegraphed by the U.S. to its friends in Indochina, Angola, and the Horn of Africa).

2. But suppose the pieces don't all fall into place for Moscow? The Russians have a fall-back, half-a-loaf possibility: to move in Azerbaijan, where spreading disintegration is implicit in the struggle for power—a struggle which, unlike other Iranian regional conflicts, reaches to the very top, to the cleavage among ayatollahs in Qom. Were continuing civil disorder to overtake Azerbaijan, the crack might well be wide enough for the insertion of a new pro-Communist separatist wedge, leading toward new Azerbaijani and Kurdish "democratic republics," *à la* 1946. And in the harsh light cast by the Russian invasion of Afghanistan, breathes there a liberal so fatuous as to say the Soviets would not use their forces to detach northwestern Iran, as they tried to do in 1946 when the United States was number one in the world?

3. But perhaps neither prospect will materialize. Perhaps the Iranians will recover their senses in time, release the hostages, and try to put their house in order in the face of the Russian challenge. Still, in the wake of the Khomeini whirlwind, there will be great opportunity for the Soviets to resume subversion at the old stand and in a far better position than they held in the Shah's time. With Afghanistan taken, they will have driven a wedge deep between Iran and Pakistan, to within three hundred miles of the Indian Ocean, the goal of Czar Peter, of Lenin, Stalin, Molotov, and Brezhnev.

What of Iran and the United States, whose strategic interests should fit together like the lips and teeth? It is easy —and partly right—to shrug and say: Whatever happens to the Iranians, they did it to themselves. But what of the United States, with a large, belatedly assembled fleet cruising the Indian Ocean and a lack of any strategy for using it? In some respects, Iran and Afghanistan have indeed done this to themselves; but then, so has the United States done itself in by substituting pious, fatuous imagery for realistic strategy. As the Russians know, history is not a repetitive game but a one-way, cumulative process, and the bottom line is: Power. □

Russia's Game

JEAN FRANÇOIS REVEL AND BRANKO LAZITCH

IT WOULD BE illogical, and surprising as well, if the USSR did not try to exploit the present explosive situation in the Middle East to inflame still further the difficulties of the United States and the weakness of Europe. What a marvelous game it would be for the Soviets if the places from which the West derives its major supplies of life-giving oil were to fall into chaos and under Soviet control! Particularly when they are simultaneously using considerable persuasion and pressure to prevent Europe from remedying its state of strategic inferiority, a state into which it has been sliding little by little.

It would be going too far to deny the authenticity of the Iranian Islamic revolution and to attribute it exclusively to Soviet Machiavellianism. But it would be just as foolish to disregard the advantage the Soviets have begun to take of it, not only in Iran, but in Saudi Arabia and in the Persian Gulf states. What Vadim Zagladin, deputy chief of the international section of the Soviet Central Committee, told the world last month, and what the secretary general of the Iranian Communist Party said as well, make the support given by the USSR and various Communist parties to the Khomeini regime absolutely official. This is also true of their activities in favor of the propagation of a Khomeini-style revolution throughout Islam. After all, if the Soviets did not have precise plans for the Middle East, why would they have installed satellite regimes in South Yemen and Afghanistan, where they are suffering greater and greater losses in attempts to repress the local populations? Turkey itself has been bitten by the Ayatollah's fever, and one doesn't need to explain what kind of mortal blow would be struck at NATO by the complete destabilization of that country, already in the grip of anarchy. There are thus two complementary sectors in Soviet policy, the Asiatic sector and the European sector. First of all, Iran.

At the start of the revolutionary agitation, the Iranian Communist Party, the Tudeh, beheld its militants divided and persecuted, while its leaders were refugees in East Germany. It not only was failing to influence events, but had trouble even grasping the extent of the Khomeini phenomenon. Then, in the middle of January 1979, a new Party Secretary, Nurreddin Kiannuri, was appointed.

Mr. Revel, author of The Totalitarian Temptation, *is a regular columnist for* l'Express. *Mr. Lazitch, who has written many books on Communism, is an editor of* Est & Ouest.

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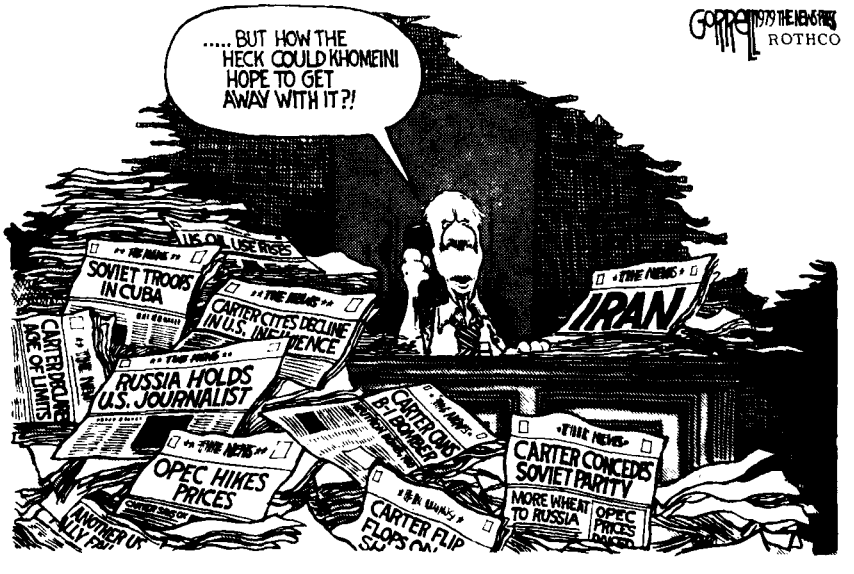
From that time on, the line was simple and categorical: at whatever cost, hang on to the Khomeini movement. On January 22, the Party approved the formation of the Islamic Council of the Revolution. On March 30, it voted "yes" in the referendum which set up the Islamic republic. In return, the Communist leaders were allowed back into the country. The official Communist journal *Mardom* (*The Masses*) was permitted to appear three or four times a week; it had a circulation of more than 100,000 copies.

This return to legality for the Communists ran into a slight obstacle five months later, when, on August 20, the procurer of Islamic justice banned the paper and ordered the closing of Party headquarters. But these sanctions did not last. By November the Communists were already in position as a militant wing of the revolution.

But these were inconsequential vagaries in a chaotic situation. What mattered was the Communists' strategy. Given the close ties between the Tudeh and Moscow, it can be assumed that it was approved by the Kremlin. A statement by the Tudeh's Central Committee, published on April 30 and entitled "The Revolution and Counter-Revolutionary Forces in Iran," meticulously listed a catalogue of goals:

> Purge the army, the gendarmerie, the police, and the organs of justice.
>
> Reinforce the armed groups of the people, the Guardians of the Revolution.
>
> Firmly support the revolutionary tribunals.
>
> Abrogate all servile political, military, and economic contracts signed with the imperialists.
>
> Withdraw from the CENTO pact.
>
> Renounce the bilateral military agreement with the United States.
>
> Adhere to the non-aligned countries.
>
> Support in various ways the anti-imperialist liberation movements in the world, and in particular, the Arab people's liberation movement in Palestine.
>
> Establish total national sovereignty over oil resources.
>
> Remove the national economy from the domination of monopolistic imperialist-Zionist funds.
>
> Unmask the conciliatory and defeatist policy of the provisional government of Dr. Bazargan.


..... BUT HOW THE HECK COULD KHOMEINI HOPE TO GET AWAY WITH IT?!
SOVIET TROOPS IN CUBA
CARTER CITES DECLINE IN U.S. INFLUENCE
IRAN
RUSSIA HOLDS U.S. JOURNALIST
CARTER DOCTRINE AGE OF LIMITS
OPEC HIKES PRICES
CARTER CONCEDES SOVIET PARITY
MORE WHEAT TO RUSSIA
CARTER FLIP FLOPS ON
ROTHCO

We are obliged to admit that in the six months that followed this declaration, all of these objectives were achieved. But not by the Communist Party alone. "He is working for us," the Tudeh could have said when it saw the path Khomeini was taking. It naturally became of the utmost importance to make a deal with him in the hope that one day he would accept the Communists as full partners in the drive toward the Tudeh's two final but as yet unsatisfied demands: "The forging of a common program and the creation of a government of national coalition." The appointment of Sadegh Ghotbzadeh as minister

When, at the beginning of November, Iran denounced the treaty of friendship of 1921, the Soviet media handled it with the utmost discretion

of foreign affairs is a step in this direction. It certainly does not displease the Soviets.

The Tudeh's gamble on its ability to draw Khomeini toward itself rests on a precise political calculation. Khomeini will one day need Soviet support in the outside world. Internally, he will need the political cadres the Tudeh has already developed.

The policy of dealing with Khomeini is also in force in Moscow. When Soviet Ambassador Vinogradov was rebuffed by Khomeini, who refused him an interview, the Soviet press failed to breathe a word of it. When, at the beginning of November, Iran denounced the treaty of friendship concluded with the USSR in 1921, the Soviet media handled it with the utmost discretion.

On the level of global policy, the Soviets believe the advantages of the Khomeini revolution go far beyond its drawbacks, Vladimir Ilyich Lenin called for, and concluded, an alliance with the feudal emir of Afghanistan, with the sole aim of combatting British imperialism. Today, Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev has discovered in Khomeini a natural ally in the struggle against American imperialism.

In Moscow's view this imperialism is getting weaker and weaker. It has been driven from Southeast Asia; it is encountering increasing obstacles in the Near East; it runs the risk of new problems in Europe and in Latin America. But it is important not to drive the Americans into a state of exasperation. It is not without reason, nor by chance, that on the day America finally raised its voice in the affair of the hostages, the Soviet radio "Free Iran" (located in Baku) urged moderation on the mobs in Teheran for the first time. Is it not better to let America and Europe become weaker on their own, little by little, than to provoke a reaction of strength on their part which would reverse the situation? □

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AFGHANISTAN

Mr. Brezhnev's Doctrine

ROSANNE T. KLASS

MOSCOW HAS finally dropped the other shoe in Afghanistan. It has launched a full-fledged invasion with 45,000 or more combat troops, on top of the estimated eight to twenty thousand Soviet "advisors" already in the field. Washington has demanded the withdrawal of Soviet troops; the Kremlin has ignored the American message, as well as the protests of China, Britain, and numerous other governments. Shock-waves are reverberating throughout the Middle East, Europe, and Asia, and for the first time there is talk of international support for the 16-month-old struggle of the Afghan people against the Communist takeover initiated in April 1978. It is that spontaneous, ill-armed guerrilla resistance which has now forced the USSR to send in its own army in an effort to consolidate its puppet's control over the fiercely independent Afghans—who may yet defeat even these efforts.

Finally acknowledging the invasion via an editorial in *Pravda*, the Kremlin claimed that it was merely assisting the Afghan government to resist attacks by "gangs" heavily financed and armed by the United States and China. In fact, the nationwide grassfire resistance to the 1978 Communist coup has received no aid from the outside world—not from the West, not from Islam, nor, despite rumors to the contrary, from China. It has been a spontaneous uprising of a proud, tough people who have historically defended their independence and their identity, and are determined to do so again now, armed only with what handguns and knives they have been able to find, along with homemade Molotov cocktails and whatever weapons they can capture from the Afghan army.

Miss Klass has been observing events in Afghanistan, Pakistan, Iran, and India for many years, and has written extensively about the area.

The weapon which was in fact rocking the puppet regime was the fierce determination of all the peoples of Afghanistan to remain independent and resist the imposition of Communism. Despite mistaken reports of Islamic fundamentalism, this is essentially a nationalist resistance in which all ethnic groups, religious groups, and areas of the country have joined together under the banner of a shared Muslim faith to oust a despised foreign conqueror. This is a battle they have repeatedly and successfully fought ever since the invasion of Alexander the Great, but not since Genghis Khan have the Afghans faced so ruthless a foe.

The immediate Soviet purpose is to replace a failed puppet, the bloodthirsty and unspeakable Hafizullah Amin, with another puppet who can, they hope, pacify the country: Babrak Karmal, the founder and leader of Afghanistan's first-line Communist party, Parcham.

FOR MONTHS the Russians strove first to control, then to oust, Amin, who outwitted them as he had outwitted Karmal in August 1978, when he gained actual control of the government titularly headed by President Nur Mohammad Taraki. A plan to get rid of Amin last September backfired when Amin, forewarned, turned the tables and it was Taraki who died in the shootout in the presidential palace, leaving Amin free to seize power openly. Thus when Moscow decided to get rid of him, it was by means less subject to chance.

Troops in combat readiness have been massed on the Soviet-Afghan border for months. And Karmal and some of his top Parcham associates had been waiting in Moscow and Eastern Europe since Amin outmaneuvered and ousted them four months after they all collaborated on the April coup. In September, after Taraki's death, the Parcham leaders held a meeting in East Germany and issued an appeal to Afghan "patriotism," obviously designed to prepare their return to power, in which they denounced both Amin and the anti-Communist Afghan guerrillas as agents of the CIA and other "outside powers" (a charge repeated last month in Karmal's first statement as president).

Meanwhile, Amin was wading ever deeper in blood without gaining control of his country. In November, his government reportedly acknowledged more than eight thousand political executions in Kabul alone, blaming them on the dead Taraki; there were continually new waves of arrests and executions. In the effort to wipe out the resistance, the civilian toll from bombing, strafing, napalm, and tank attacks in areas where the resistance was strong was estimated at well over a quarter of a million. Half a million destitute Afghan refugees had crossed the border into Pakistan by September, and forty thousand more followed a month later.

Yet the Afghan people still fought. Large numbers of Afghan soldiers defected to the resistance, reducing government forces to perhaps half their planned strength. Large chunks of the country were outside government control, including the strategic southern province of Paktia, source of the fuel needed to warm the cities during the bitter winter. And, week in and week out, Russians were being killed—not only in battle, but murdered in the ostensibly controlled cities. (The overall Russian toll is probably several hundred by now. Last month, four Russians were reportedly found in the cotton bazaar in Kabul with their throats cut.) So Moscow moved—in midwinter, when snows hamper resistance.

Moscow apparently is hoping that a more benign regime can put out the flames of national resistance: Karmal immediately came on as the "good cop," denouncing Amin's cruelty (and blaming the U.S.) in his first speech, which was broadcast from Tashkent.

Will he succeed? Not bloody likely.

Unlike Amin and Taraki, who were not widely recognized as Communists before the 1978 coup, Karmal has been known throughout Afghanistan for the past 15 years as a Communist and Moscow's man. Most Afghans may be illiterate, but they are far from fools; they are, in fact, a notably intelligent, shrewd, energetic people. Karmal may now try to portray himself as a patriot and a

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good Muslim, but his past belies him.

A few weeks ago, in a Pakistani hospital, I asked wounded Afghan villagers if they would accept a good Muslim Afghan nationalist who had Russian support. "We won't accept anybody with Russian backing as long as a single Afghan is alive—man, woman, or child," was the answer. "The Russians are our enemies, they always have been. We will push them out of our country, and we will choose our own leaders."

And in fact it was the appearance of Russians en masse, soon after the 1978 coup and before Amin's brutality emerged, that triggered the resistance that has swept the nation. So Karmal may soon have to drop his carrot and reach for the stick. In which case he too may fail and have to be replaced, perhaps by Colonel M. A. Watanjar or one of the other Parchami who found shelter from Amin's wrath in the Soviet embassy in Kabul last fall. But the imponderables remain: How far is the Soviet Union prepared to go, and for how long? And what will be the response of the Muslim world, China, and the West, most notably the U.S.?

Parallels are being drawn with the American entrapment in a morass in Vietnam, but they are too facile. There are many differences—not only in people, terrain, and proximity to the home base, but more importantly in the fact that the Vietcong was a trained fighting arm of an organized government in Hanoi, which in turn was fully supported and supplied, politically, militarily, internationally, and economically, by the Soviet Union and China.

THE AFGHAN people, on the other hand, have been fighting alone. They are still alone, desperately needing ammunition, not to mention more sophisticated arms to counter the full force of Soviet weaponry. (Russia's most advanced helicopter gunship, the "flying tank," MI-24, has been used with murderous effect against Afghan villagers, for example.) It remains to be seen what if any help they will get from the rest of the world. So far they have received nothing. One observer who got into Paktia province saw villagers go into battle with swords, knives, antiquated rifles, and handguns, and even shovels against tanks, artillery, and armored vehicles—and come back with captured *kalashnikovs*. "They were incredible," he said. But all that courage may not be enough.

What can be foreseen at this point?

Anyone who knows the Afghans knew from the moment of the 1978 coup that they would fight to drive any foreign power out of their country. They have done it for centuries. The Soviets underestimated their will. And since early 1979 it has been apparent that without the commitment of Soviet ground forces their resistance would topple any puppet regime. Now those ground forces are in place, but if the Russians think that will end their problem, they are probably wrong. All indications are that the resistance to the Communist takeover will continue, even increase, in response to the open invasion. A spokesman for the largest of the resistance groups, the National Front, led by Syed Ahmad Gailani, said last week, "If the resistance forces get even minimal assistance, it will be impossible for the Russians to control Afghanistan. And," he concluded quietly, "even if we don't get help, the Afghan people will continue to fight." □

How Dear to This Heart

Can you, today, believe that there were times
When Five-and-Dime Stores charged just fives and dimes?
When children learned at school to read and write
And no one thought it dumb to be polite?
When, dining out, a man could eat his fill
Of good fresh food for one two-dollar bill?
When females wore not pants but skirts, and when
No women's libbers fought "goodwill toward men"?
When sex, though relished as it is today,
Was private, not on advertising display?
When wit in verse graced *The New Yorker*'s pages,
Not runes, obfuscate, spurning metric gauges?
When those who served were glad to be of service
And unlocked doors made only culprits nervous?

The wages were low then but prospects were high
And everyone hoped for that pie in the sky
Which hasn't, quite true, yet appeared overhead,
But now we have crime and inflation instead.

CORINNA MARSH

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Saving the Family

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

LINCOLN SAID IT: When you see the foundation being laid, and the rafters and eye-beams hoisted into place, it is hard to help concluding that what you are witnessing is the construction of a house.

Such deduction of ultimate product from design is fully applicable to the conduct of the Federal Government in matters pertaining to the family—except that the proper metaphor would be, not the construction of a house, but the dismantling of one. For myriad actions by the federal planners in recent years suggest that the destruction of the American home and family must be the end result of present policies.

The nature of the problem was spelled out a couple of weeks ago by Nevada Republican Paul Laxalt on the floor of the Senate. Laxalt noted the immense variety of federal policies and programs which have the effect of breaking down the family unit or eroding the traditional values it embodies. In the realm of economics, he observed, we have enacted programs that discourage children from caring for their aged parents, adopted welfare programs that make parents less responsible for their children, and constructed a tax system that, in some cases, penalizes marriage.

The State as Papa . . .

These economic effects on family life can perhaps be classified as unintentional. Looking far more purposeful are federal social programs which seek to extinguish traditional mother-father roles within society, promote "sex education" views that belittle traditional values, encourage the view that children should be legally independent of their parents, give countenance to homosexuality and abortion, and seek to intrude the state, wherever possible, as a surrogate for children's parents.

The latter theme, as Laxalt observed, has appeared repeatedly in public education. The idea that the state should intervene in the place of parents obtrudes itself in many current, or demanded, federal policies: in the sex-ed drive, in child-development and child-advocacy proposals, in forced school busing, and the like. The prevailing view appears to be, as one supporter of federal child-development programs has put it, that the child in America today is "a care of the state."

Rather than simply deploring these developments, Laxalt proposes to do something about them. He has offered a truly comprehensive piece of legislation called the Family Protection Act (S-1808), which would reverse existing federal biases against the family. In certain respects, his bill would align the force of federal law in favor of the family unit. In others, it would withdraw the federal presence from areas in which its power has been used to disparage traditional notions of the family. In still others, it would shore up local and private institutions that have historically been allied with family values.

"The goal of my bill," Laxalt asserted, "is simply to strengthen the family . . . by providing for the family as the basic unit in our nation. . . . Parents will be encouraged . . . to participate actively in their children's educational, moral, and religious upbringing. Children will be encouraged to care for their aged parents."

S-1808 is a fairly lengthy and detailed piece of legislation, amending existing federal law in the fields of education, child care, welfare, labor, health, taxation, legal services, judicial procedure, civil rights, care of the elderly, juvenile delinquency, and other areas—the complexity of the suggested remedies indicating, all too plainly, the immensity of the problem. The bill contains 35 major provisions, roughly half of them concerning education, touching everything from food stamps to labor relations to prayer in the schools.

The first 16 sections deal with educational matters of various kinds. Among other things, the bill would withdraw federal support for secularizing practices in education and rules which exclude parents from effective knowledge of what is happening in the classroom; deny federal funds for purchase of unisex educational materials; reaffirm the right of the states to determine teacher qualifications, school attendance standards, and criteria for sports participation; and otherwise roll back the present level of federal policy support for influences hostile to traditional values.

In its financial provisions, the bill would provide a $250 tax credit and $1,000 tax exemption to a household including a dependent 65 or over, offer incentives for adoption, make corporate contributions to co-operative employer-employee day-care facilities tax-deductible, permit establishment of Keogh-type plans to set aside funds earmarked for children's education, protect the tax-exempt status of private, parent-run schools, prohibit college students from setting up spurious independent households to collect food stamps, and reinstate the requirement that servicemen separated from their families send home allowances to their dependents.

. . . v. *Papa as Papa*

Throughout, the bill attempts to combat the presumption that federal regulators have plenary authority over local, private, and religious matters of concern to parents. This emphasis is undergirded in the final section of the legislation, which would prohibit the Federal Government from interfering with church schools or religious homes, and states explicitly that the law shall be construed so as to maximize the authority of parents in the religious and moral instruction of their children.

Given the many issues it embraces, and the strength of the forces it is attempting to combat, the Laxalt bill is not likely to achieve early adoption, or to be carried *in toto* in the foreseeable future. But by aggregating the issues in such striking fashion, it serves to illuminate the problem. And by setting forth specific measures for improvement, it provides a needed standard for future legislative action. □

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Religion Must Be Seen

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

RECENT ISSUES of *Harper's* magazine, otherwise so admirable, have outdone themselves in apathy toward religion in the name of enlightenment. Indeed, editor David Sanford expressed more than pique at the overwhelmingly favorable response Pope John Paul II received from the American press. Writing as one who regards atheism as a bulwark of liberal enlightenment, Mr. Sanford deplored not so much the excesses of religion as religion itself.

Have we come to so pretty a pass? After all those years during which the official conventions of the intellectual media have been comfortably agnostic, Mr. Sanford was discomfited by the sudden shift in the public discourse. For one entire week, he complains, he was drowned in religious sentiments not his own. (Well, most of them weren't mine, either, but it *was* nice, for a change, to have subjects close to one's heart treated openly and publicly.) For the truth is—and it was one of the virtues of the Pope's trip to uncover it—that American life is far more religious than is the public speech of our intellectuals.

Immense throngs in Mexico for Pope John Paul II could be explained by the general "backwardness" of the rural poor. Immense crowds in Poland could be explained as a "disguised protest" against the Soviet system. That the Irish described Pope John Paul II's visit as "one of the three greatest events of Irish history in the twentieth century" (the other two being the Easter Rebellion of 1916 and the Eucharistic Congress of 1932) could be explained by the eccentric traditions of Catholicism in Ireland. But then Pope John Paul II invaded this world's citadel of secularization, traveled into that heart of decadent and materialist darkness the Ayatollah Khomeini is so fond of denouncing before the Islamic world.

In the United States, too, Pope John Paul II was greeted by the same immense crowds and the same feelings. Here, too, he evoked an unmistakable spirit of goodwill, charity, spiritual energy, and—yes—grace.

According to theories about secularization, wherever modernity takes hold, religion starts losing its force. After the Pope's visit, one is obliged to reflect again upon such theories. Certainly it is true that in the public sphere, individuals in a democratic and pluralistic society have been rather conscientiously observing a form of self-censorship. Seldom do those who believe in God, and who govern their lives as best they can in the light of their particular religious tradition, actually voice the secrets of their inner life in public. Instead, most of us most of the time chastely obey the convention which suggests that the common speech of enlightened persons should proceed without reference to God or to particular religious traditions. This radically untrue convention is mischievously, dangerously misleading.

It is a mischievous convention because it leads our intellectual discourse to falsify our true situation, both that of the American people as a whole and our own as individuals. The degree of actual religious commitment and regular observance manifested not only by our people as a whole but by our intellectuals has been amply shown by many international polls to be among the highest on earth. Why, then, do our enemies, like the Ayatollah, persist in seeing us as materialistic and atheist? We are not.

The Wise Compromise

There is, of course, both a present need for and a prior history behind our conventions of linguistic chastity. One of the great secrets of the Anglo-American Enlightenment (as distinct from the Continental Enlightenment) is that the former, although born in the fresh memory of divisive religious wars, held that religion is an indispensable part of private and public life. Because a democratic and pluralistic society needs to draw upon the spiritual energies of all citizens, a convention of coexistence was worked out. According to this convention, persons of good will would agree to concentrate upon practical activities to be performed cooperatively, while leaving unspoken the sources of motivation and spiritual energy upon which each person would privately draw. This is the Anglo-American compromise. Its wisdom is pragmatic. In order to advance the common good through practical activities, it is not necessary to obtain prior agreement on religious motivations and metaphysical presuppositions.

This wise compromise has, nonetheless, two ill effects. First, it causes our civilization to present to the world a gnawing silence where ideals and metaphysical visions ought to be. Public silence about our private but powerful values gives our activities a harsh pragmatic face. Secondly, our lack of public discussion about the most profound resources of our lives induces in our daily habits of thought a blindness about the spiritual energies that motivate men and women everywhere.

The Secret Spring

"To the modern Western mind," Bernard Lewis of Princeton wrote about the resurgence of Islam in *Commentary* (1976), "it is not conceivable that men would fight and die in such numbers over mere differences of religion; there have to be some other 'genuine' reasons underneath the religious veil. . . . This is reflected in the present inability, political, journalistic, and scholarly alike, to recognize the importance of the factor of religion in the current affairs of the Muslim world . . ."

Perhaps it is time for the masks to drop and for each of us, with due respect for the faiths of others, to begin speaking a little more clearly, in our own diverse accents, about the things we hold most dear. Democratic capitalism depends far more profoundly upon its cultural spirit than upon its economics or its politics. We have permitted the economics and the politics to become known to the world. We have hidden their secret spring. The bushel, from time to time, must be lifted. The world needs to be able to look upon us and to see, from mountaintop to mountaintop, lighted cities heretofore dark.

Religion must be seen. Thus even God (so Christians observe each Christmastide) became flesh. □

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NO-FAULT Media Bias

JOSEPH SOBRAN

POLITICAL LIBERTY *is good only so far as it produces private liberty. Now, sir, there is the liberty of the press, which you know is a constant topick. Suppose you and I and two hundred more were restrained from printing our thoughts? What then? What proportion would that restraint upon us bear to the private happiness of the nation?*

Thus Dr. Johnson, in a typically querulous *jeu* of blasphemy against this or that little idol of modernity. Idol? Yes: in its vaunting, nothing-is-sacred irreverence, the press worships only itself. Liberty of the press, a/k/a the First Amendment (never mind the part about religion), remains a constant topick today, because the press remains the arbiter and custodian of constant topicks.

The late seventeenth century produced a naïve but persisting ideal of the citizen as reader. On the view detectable in writers as diverse as Milton and Locke, man is naturally, almost helplessly independent-minded. Persecuting men for their opinions is not only wicked: it's silly. They can't help what they think. Rational man became identified with literate man. Milton and Locke both wrote optimistic little treatises on education. (Johnson thought both injurious.)

With a book in his hand, man could recover his prelapsarian solitude, could reflect undistracted on the experience distilled in print and then re-enter society for a profitable exchange of views with his fellow reader-citizens. The intellectual's utopia is a nation of bookworms. The publishing industry has always cottoned to this picture. It is still the ideology of the publishing class. Educators like it too. That is why we subsidize literacy on such an enormous scale. And so uncritically. It is boorish to ask, What good is it? People assume (conveniently) that you don't want a serious answer. You must be anti-intellectual.

Johnson loved books but didn't worship them. He sensed what was going on: print is a form of mass-production, and not the least of its effects is to standardize opinion. If it makes intellectual independence possible, it also makes intellectual conformity probable. There is no necessary connection between literacy and logic. The alphabet as such is a mere code, just like the Morse code, mastery of which is a very minor mental achievement. And in fact (as the volume of junk mail attests) its only indubitable value is that it creates new forms of manipulation. Lenin was only the first modern totalitarian to want a totally literate populace, to facilitate the centralization of power. Yet foolish Westerners are always mightily impressed by the "eradication" of illiteracy. They hardly mind, or notice, that with this can come the virtual elimination of personal privacy.

ANY CORRELATION between liberty and literacy is hard to specify. That, I take it, was Johnson's point. He saw that books (more especially periodicals) promote cant, and cant is a mechanical substitute for thought. Reading removes us from the realm of direct experience where we can exercise personal judgment. Literate company invites us to talk about things we are essentially ignorant of. Almost inevitably we tend in such a situation to utter the received opinion. It's safe. Many writers have noticed that "public opinion" itself is a kind of artifact, the result of having a large body of print-consumers in search of intellectual bearings. Historian John Lukacs distinguishes between "public opinion" and "popular sentiment": the first is part of the decorum of a culture dominated by print; the second, more spontaneous and disreputable. Uttering bits of "public opinion" establishes one's communion with respectability, whereas uttering "popular sentiment" shows one's vulgarity. The good reader-citizen tries to transcend the gross element of popular sentiment around him by echoing the loftier sentiments he has gathered from the refined company of books and their periodical extensions.

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The irony of course is that what is supposed to pass for independent opinion is itself imitative. Literacy descends to farce in cliché. Hugh Kenner treats this theme with hilarious insight in *The Stoic Comedians*: he sees Swift and Flaubert as playing with the artifices of print, satirizing the conventional views print has purveyed. *A Modest Proposal* and *Madame Bovary* can be read as mockery of the abstracted reader who, like Don Quixote, has finally lost touch with actuality. And Edmund Burke sneered at English radicalism as the fiction of a "literary cabal" who tried to hide their "total want of consequence" with "noise, and bustle, and puffing, and mutual quotation of each other." One of the main polemical strategies of NATIONAL REVIEW has always been to emphasize the high ratio of sheer silly convention in liberalism and radicalism.

The electronic media exploit the enormous prestige of the printed word by presenting themselves as extensions of the book, entitled to all the privileges and immunities of press freedom. But this misconceives their real nature, which fosters not detachment but the sensory immediacy from which books deliver us. At the same time, we misconceive books by supposing them to be mere extensions of speech, when they are a completely different thing.

The usual and understandable assumption is that freedom of speech came first, and then, on the same principle, freedom of the press. After all, speech is natural, and the press is a gadget. But as Leonard Levy has shown, it really happened the other way around. Press freedom came first. The power of the press eventually won its independence from state controls. Once that was established, and only then, freedom of expression trickled down, so to speak, to the individual speaker. Has there ever been freedom of speech where the press wasn't free?

It is impossible to compute the value of a free press. True, civilization can do without it—as long as there is no press at all. But the reason the press, once it exists, must be basically free isn't that the press is a good thing, but that it's a dangerous thing. Just because it creates a community of opinion it must never fall into the hands of the state entirely. The more you deplore it, in fact, the more ardently you must want to keep it separate from the reigning political power. Everything it does wrong it does worse when it becomes the organ of officialdom.

Besides, *pace* Dr. Johnson, every freedom is probably ill-used by most who possess it. But as Friedrich von Hayek shows in *The Constitution of Liberty*, each freedom must be presumed precious for the sake of the tiny minority who make use of it, in the long run, to the benefit of all. The real value of press freedom may have little to do with the cocky pretensions of its vulgar apologists.

We do a lot of arguing about those pretensions without having a very clear idea of what the mass media are and do. Liberals and conservatives alike tend to accept the myth that the essential business of the media is to inform. Liberals think they do this well, on the whole. Conservatives think it is fairly easy to do it well, but that the media don't, because the people who operate the media allow their political biases to shape the presentation of otherwise neutral facts. I think both views are naïve.

Personally, I don't object to what the mass media do half as much as I object to what they think they do. And I also object to conservatives' notions of what the media ought to do. All of which requires some explaining.

We conservatives grind our teeth when Walter Cronkite tells us "That's the way it is" and when the *New York Times* claims to deliver "All the news that's fit to print." But we assume—don't we?—that these claims are false

RANDOM NOTES

■ LEFT OVER FROM JANUARY: Theodore L. Gross, former dean at the City College of New York, was defrocked by the administration for writing a very frank article about the travails of the university in general and the woes of the "Open Admissions" program (which he headed) in particular. In *Academic Turmoil: The Reality and Promise of Open Education* (Doubleday, $10.95), he further develops his heresies. . . . *Fire in the Streets: America in the 1960s* (Simon & Schuster, $14.95) is by Milton Viorst, a political reporter for the *New York Times*. . . . Arthur Rubinstein's *My Many Years* (Knopf, $16.95) is well worth a look.

■ SOME FEBRUARY TITLES: John Barron's book, *MiG Pilot: Lieutenant Viktor Belenko's Final Escape* (Reader's Digest Press/McGraw-Hill, $10.95), is the tale of the Russian pilot who flew his plane to Japan in 1976, thereby providing U.S. intelligence with much useful information. . . . *Moscow Diary* (Doubleday, $15.95), by Veljko Mićunović (translated by David Floyd and with an Introduction by George Kennan), looks very interesting. Mićunović was Yugoslav ambassador to the Soviet Union from 1956 to 1958 and from 1969 to 1971; also ambassador to the U.S. from 1962 to 1967. The author likes most things about socialism, and dislikes most things about the regime in Moscow. . . . John Bartlow Martin, a newspaper man and the author of a two-volume biography of Adlai Stevenson, has written a novel called *The Televising of Heller* (Doubleday, $10). It is about an Illinois senator who is encouraged to run for reelection in a campaign waged exclusively over the tube. . . . In his *History of the Idea of Progress* (Basic Books, $16.95) Robert Nisbet takes issue with the notion that "progress" was a meaningless term in Western Civilization before the seventeenth century. He argues further that a sense of, and commitment to, progress in its every aspect have been abandoned in our narcissistic, materialistic age. —CW

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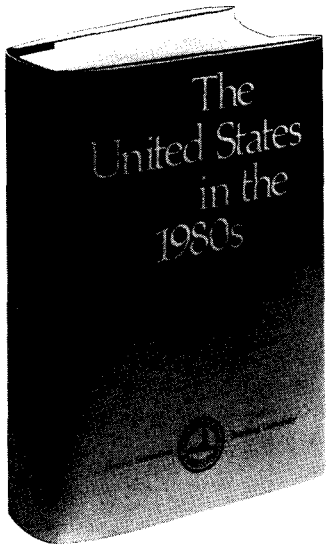

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Foreword by W. Glenn Campbell

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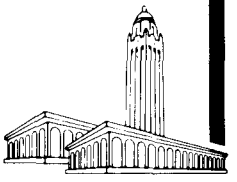

largely because of the human failures of those who make them; assume, moreover, that these human failures are essentially avoidable, and that the claims *might* be true, if only the media people would be more self-critical and purge their reportage of political biases.

I think we have it backwards. It would be truer to say that if the media folk were more self-critical they wouldn't make their claims in the first place, and that their political biases are the result, not the cause, of the bogus claims. It is simply impossible to give a daily play-by-play of history that is both objective and comprehensive. In fact it is impossible to be *either* objective *or* comprehensive. If it were so easy to be definitive, there would be no need of scoops, and muckraking, and leaks, and investigative journalism, and the like; all of which imply that truth in its wholeness is terribly elusive. And imply, moreover, that we get just such fragments of truth as certain strategically placed people are disposed to seek, pursue, notice, or reveal.

The very necessities of selection and emphasis rule out objectivity. News implies human interest of some kind, not mere random information: news is drama. The illusion of objectivity is the cultivated result of the reportorial suppression of affect. A good reporter doesn't tell us, or even let us guess, which side he personally takes. But some sort of bias is built into news if only because it is addressed to a specific, if broad, audience. If reportage appears disinterested, that is because news people try, skillfully, to appeal to a *consensus* of interest without seeming to favor *particular* interests.

But this works only up to a point, because part of what divides the audience is precisely which stories ought to be placed on the agenda of public attention. I agree that most network news reflects, on the whole, a certain liberal bias. But part of the explanation is that the very convention of reporting news as fully, accurately, and disinterestedly as possible is a Western convention. And to do this on a global scale you need a worldwide acceptance of the legitimacy of this convention. When no such acceptance prevails, the result is a kind of automatic and built-in bias that favors anti-Western regimes. Which brings us to the central problem.

Usually we think of the decline of the West in material, military, and economic terms. But the decline is also cultural. Much of the world is in revolt against Western spiritual and intellectual values. The rulers of the Third World don't regard gathering information as an innocent activity; at the United Nations they persist in offering resolutions affirming the sovereign right of a nation (read: any regime in power) to control "the flow of information." At home they are increasingly adopting the quaint custom of harassing, threatening, expelling, excluding, and in some cases killing Western reporters.

THIS IS and has long been especially true in the "socialist" countries, where truth is a national resource, as it were, and reportage severed from commitment to the national purpose is inherently subversive ("counter-revolutionary"). Nowadays this view is catching on fast. The socialist camp is expanding, and even in non-socialist Iran Khomeini has threatened to throw out those foreign reporters whose version of the truth offends his version of Islam. Those who remain are there at his sufferance, and in the current crisis they have been useful

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to him, or they might have been expelled before now.

To the shock of many newsmen, "objectivity" is proving no guarantee that they will be exempted from the hostility that has attached to other Westerners. What is shaping up is a world in which the media have less and less direct access to facts. The turmoil may have at least the healthy effect of reminding us of what was so easy to forget while things were relatively static, say from 1945 to 1975: that the news we get is contingent on political circumstance. We have been hugely scandalized by little ad-hoc government coverups in the West; we have barely noticed the standing policies of virtually total coverup in Communist countries.

When the news media affect to give us a total picture of the world, they naturally neglect to remind us that we are seeing only what they have been able to discover. It would be pretty monotonous for Cronkite to repeat every evening that, of course, we don't really know much of what's going on in the Soviet bloc. And besides, it would be deflating to the orotundity of "That's the way it is" if he had to keep qualifying it with admissions of that sort: the news would seem so disturbingly partial and tentative, so little in command of truth, so much at the mercy of circumstances beyond our control. It would lose its oracular authority.

What makes the problem worse is that the news industry tends more and more to the pictorial. Led by television, even the news magazines are now stressing sensory immediacy (color photography) at the expense of verbal reportage and analysis. The whole form of news subtly de-emphasizes the things that can't be shown directly and drains them of reality. We forget or discount what we can't see on TV. The worst media bias is in a sense imposed by totalitarian regimes that force the news media to stay home, keeping our attention on domestic problems. The free press of the West is only fully free *in* the West. So far, unfortunately, it hasn't made this as clear as it should. But the era when it could keep downplaying or ignoring this may be coming to an end.

For over a century the ascendancy of the West has allowed us to be un-self-conscious about our communications. The astute English cultural critic Raymond Williams argues that most of us tend wrongly to demote communications from its central place in human life: we "assume as a matter of course that there is, first, reality, and then, second, communication about it. We degrade art and learning by supposing that they are always second-hand activities: that there is life, and then afterwards there are these accounts of it. . . . [In reality] the struggle to learn, to describe, to understand, to educate, is a central and necessary part of our humanity. This struggle is not begun, at second hand, after reality has occurred. It is, in itself, a major way in which reality is continually formed and changed. What we call society is not only a network of political and economic arrangements, but also a process of learning and communication."

So in a way the barbarians are right: they understand better than we seem to that our communications system isn't neutral in its actual commitments and effects. They may describe it crudely as "imperialist," but they have a point: our media are a major constituent of our power.

Neither the Left nor the Right seems to grasp much of what this implies. Both assume that reporting the news is only incidental to American national interests. (Just as the Carter Administration assumes that international law is so sturdily autonomous that it will govern even if Western power evaporates.) The fact is that a community is virtually coterminous with its communications system. It is a very bad sign indeed that so many countries are now so totally seceding from civilization as to abolish the convention of respecting the emissaries and newsmen who keep us in touch with them.

What this may entail was recently illustrated when NBC cut a deal to interview a hostage in Teheran. The network agreed to broadcast the interview in prime time and to accompany it with a statement from a Khomeini supporter. "And now, a word from our sponsor." *New York Times* TV critic John J. O'Connor defended NBC against charges of unpatriotism on grounds that "journalism is not obligated to make the job of government easier." That is true as far as it goes. But it forgets that in accepting terms dictated by another government, NBC to some extent compromised journalism, making itself the tool of a regime in exchange for the privilege of access.

Journalism? What new information was unearthed? It's all very well to say we should tell the truth and let the chips fall where they may, but when we see journalists swapping prime time for carefully selected bits of the truth we are beholding an activity less exalted than the devoted pursuit of verity. Sensation has its value, but sensation isn't truth. TV journalism has more in common with TV entertainment than with print journalism.

If print is a form of mass production, TV is something even further from the paradigm of reflective citizenship.

The term "mass communication" is a misnomer: communication means give and take, talking and listening, utterance and response. The essence of TV is to multiply and amplify sensation on a tremendous scale. The viewer can neither retain his detachment (as he can with print) nor reply in kind. Communication? Hardly.

The business of the mass media, whatever good intentions may modify it, is to attract and stimulate mass reaction. This makes them natural tools of totalitarianism, which has only come into its own with the electronic age. Even in free countries they are increasingly given over to advertising and pornography: forms of manipulation which, whatever their moral value, shouldn't be confused with the habits of reflection we associate with reading. And as I have said, reading itself is overrated.

The more sophisticated the mass media become, the further they take us from the ideal of differentiated individualism. This is why all the world's despots are eager to monopolize them. As the image replaces the word in popular consciousness, the common denominator of pub-

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lic opinion is lowered, intelligence becomes irrelevant, and the populace is reduced to something more and more like a sheer mass.

TV imagery itself is subject to a selection process it is hard to criticize to any effect, and the obvious danger now is that various governments will master the art of using our media, feeding them self-serving images much as our own politicians have fed them leaks, press releases, and other tendentious data. In order to cope with this we must free ourselves from old stereotypes about the ways the individual knows and the news accumulates.

Lately I've been spending some time at the CBS building on West 57th Street in Manhattan. It feels odd. To begin with, it's sealed off from its immediate physical environment, a rather seedy West Side neighborhood of delicatessens and car washes, the sidewalks abounding in winos and black plastic garbage bags. All within a few yards of Walter Cronkite. You wonder wryly what the First Amendment has to do with this locale.

First-Amendment-talk is full of the imagery of openness: the media giving us new vistas, broadened sensory access to the world. Maybe in a way this requires CBS to cut itself off, sensorily, from the rest of West 57th, an unreliable sampling of the world. Still, it's strange. You walk in off the dingy street and, like Dorothy entering the Emerald City of Oz, wait for admittance past the security guards. Then suddenly you are in a magically different place: streamlined, windowless, a buzzing concrete hive of engineers and electronic gadgetry which will beam a synthetic edition of Reality into the American home, with a Wizard's voice booming: "That's the way it is."

Hayek reminds us that in order to defend the free market's real value, we have to avoid making false and irrelevant claims for it, such as that the market rewards people according to their moral deserts. It is time the mass media quit pretending to tell us all about everything, and admit that they give us no more or less than an interesting and valuable sampling of certain of the day's events. If they acquire some modesty about their mission, they will be less tempted, in the tough years ahead, to support false claims by allowing themselves to be put to sinister uses. □

PUBLIC FORUM

Annals of an Abiding Liberal
By John Kenneth Galbraith
Houghton Mifflin, 384 pp., $12.95

ABIDE WITH ME

ROBERT W. WHITAKER

"Abiding" is Mr. Galbraith's substitute for the more popular term, "last-ditch." For those of us in the less automatically publishable part of the population, *Annals of an Abiding Liberal* is not exactly a book. But then, it is not necessary for one of the faithful of the liberal Establishment to actually write a book in order to have it published. So Galbraith put together some of his articles and speeches, and here we have it: umpteenth book, same pulpit, same congregation.

Then again, one might well question whether a book *could* have been written under this title. One may not be justified in stating flatly that a man of the author's imaginative powers could not have found enough to say to write a new book about liberalism, but it is not too much to suspect. For a generation, the media and the publishing industry have been saturated with liberal opinions on every subject and every problem, real and invented. At this point, there is really nothing Galbraith can say about liberalism beyond the mind-deadening declaration that, whoever else may desert it, he will remain true to the faith he helped to father. As for *Annals of an Abiding Liberal*, its content is its title.

The first of the reprints which make up this volume gives us several stop-press items: a static supply-and-demand model of the economy does not accurately describe the real world; many major sectors of the American economy are dominated by big corporations; there are structural rigidities in the economy which prevent fiscal policy from dealing with many of our economic problems. Galbraith concludes from this that we need more structural rigidities: i.e., a vaguely defined but permanent set of wage and price controls. There is nothing said here that hasn't been liberal policy for at least forty years.

In an orthodox replay of liberal economic theory, Galbraith drags out the usual straw men for another beating. The problems with a static supply-and-demand analysis of an economy, as put forward by Alfred Marshall in 1890, are exposed fearlessly by Galbraith. But one who has actually read Marshall cannot but feel that Marshall's own thorough analysis of these problems was better than Galbraith's belated exposure of them. Like Keynes's "classical economists," who were supposed to have demanded tight money in the midst of the Depression, Galbraith's neoclassical economists, who declare that supply-and-demand is a fixed state rather than a tendency, simply do not exist. As a last-ditch liberal, Galbraith remains the only true straw man in the debate.

Galbraith's boring recitation of liberal theory is not only outdated, but largely irrelevant. It is not liberal theory, but liberal practice, which has reduced the ranks of its unapologetic adherents to a handful of last-ditchers. Even socialist theory is not what crippled the Swedish economy. Galbraith makes the point that wage and price controls are a regular part of the economic policy in European countries that are doing very well. But European price controls have a limited destructive potential because they are based on clear and limited objectives: national prosperity and pro-

Paul A. Gigot, *a former* NR *staffer, is currently serving as a reporter for the* Far Eastern Economic Review. . . . **Joseph A. Rehyansky** *has written for the* Military Law Review *and, frequently, for* NR. . . . **Robert W. Whitaker** *is the author of* A Plague on Both Your Houses, *and a prominent spokesman of the populist-conservative movement.*

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tection of the country's currency. In America, such powers would be exercised by the same Establishment that conducted the War on Poverty and the escalation and rout in Vietnam.

Liberal theories filtering down have been overwhelmed by experience with their results filtering up. The electorate, taxed, mugged, and regulated, has made the liberal label safe only for those seeking Senate seats from the District of Columbia. The result has been a demand from the seats of power for theories alternative and even contradictory to liberal orthodoxy. Academe, columnists, and the media have accordingly begun wheeling to the right.

To liberal theory in practice, Galbraith vouchsafes not a paragraph. Aside from the dates on his reminiscences, nothing appears in *Annals* that could not have been produced by a liberal graduate student in the 1930s; forty years of this theory in action are ignored. *Annals* is an intellectual return to the womb.

After its repetition of orthodox liberal economics, *Annals* continues with its standardized and dated theme. A few examples are more than sufficient.

There is a duty piece putting forward another wildly novel premise: that women are being held in the home by an outdated set of educational and social attitudes, expressed in the educational system and elsewhere in our society. It is entitled "The Higher Economic Role of Women." One might easily suggest a more profitable topic for discussion: "A Higher Role Than Economics."

GALBRAITH then asks if we have heard "The Last of the Hiss Case?" He admits that Allen Weinstein's *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case* kills the last doubt about Hiss's guilt, but he knew about that all along: "I years ago concluded (as, I expect, did numerous other liberals) that to believe Hiss truthful was to strain the liberal faith too far." In the first place, it strikes one as strange that, surrounded by liberals for years, he doesn't know for sure what the rest of them concluded about a topic he obviously considers important. Apparently, free discussion is one thing, heresy another.

Needless to say, Galbraith does not belabor the admission of Hiss's guilt. His discussion is devoted to demonstrating that it was nothing special, and that Hiss and Nixon both "succumbed" to the same "ruthless geometry." Above all, the point is that the legions of liberals who whitewashed Hiss's commission of what in strictly legal or dictionary terms must be called treason and perjury were acting in legitimate self-defense: "Most liberals had *something* in their past."

Galbraith is a good writer, but this book, weighted down by the tediousness of the beginning and the apologetic nature of the remainder, is not one that good writing alone can save. Its title is its epitaph—which, unlike most epitaphs, accurately describes what lies beneath. □

An American Renaissance: A Strategy for the 1980s
By Jack Kemp
Harper & Row, 207 pp., $8.95

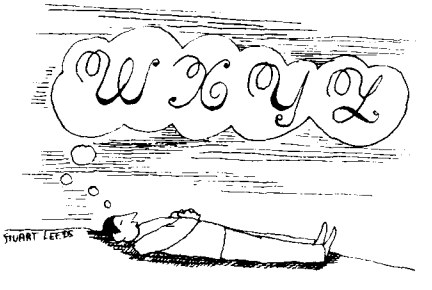
THE KEMP KABAL

PAUL A. GIGOT

Books by aspiring politicians tend toward platitude. They aim to please, to inspire, and so they are dotted, from title to epilogue, with those familiar notions offensive to no man. God, country, mammon. *Why Not the Best?* Indeed.

Jack Kemp's book contains its share of quaint patriotism ("this is a book about the American Dream, that amalgam of promise and effort and desire that made this country the hope of civilized peoples everywhere"), homely reminiscences ("During the Depression . . . my father . . ."), and sports metaphors. Ignore these. Like blown-dry hair they are the necessary adornments of the media-age politician, the homage each politician must pay to America's lowest common denominator.

Beyond the clichés, Kemp's book is interesting because Kemp himself is the political point-man of a considerable intellectual cabal. As a U.S. Representative from Buffalo, N.Y., Kemp is too



busy serving as a politician to write a book. He admits as much in his acknowledgments. The book was instead written by the same group Kemp receives his briefings from—a group that could be called the neo-Republicans: Irving Kristol, editor of *The Public Interest*; Jude Wanniski, former editorial writer for the *Wall Street Journal*; Alan Reynolds, formerly of NATIONAL REVIEW, now with the First National Bank of Chicago; Paul Craig Roberts, editorial writer and columnist for the *Journal*; Jeffrey Bell, the vanquisher of Clifford Case in the 1978 New Jersey Republican Senate primary; Arthur Laffer, the USC economist and father of the "Laffer Curve" theory of taxation. There are others, but these are the most prominent. Their views are similar to those of the much-publicized neoconservatives. Often the categories overlap, most notably with Kristol. But they can safely be called neo-Republicans because, unlike for example Daniel Patrick Moynihan, they target their programs at Republican, not Democratic, legislators.

An American Renaissance is primarily an essay on economics. It contends that most of America's problems have developed out of a contracting economy. By taxing too heavily, and improperly as well, the government has sapped personal incentive. Well-intentioned programs, aimed at improving the lot of the poor, actually deny opportunity and doom the poor to permanent dependency. Over-regulation builds monopolies and penalizes entrepreneurs. Special interests squabble over the resources of a shrinking pie, thus increasing social discord.

Most of this is familiar Republican dogma. But Milton Friedman would not feel as comfortable amidst this intellectual circle as he would, say, at Mont Pelerin. Kemp differs with his conservative colleagues in two important respects, both of which could have enormous political significance.

Kemp emphasizes growth over what has been the conventional Republican concern with governmental austerity. Programmatically, Kemp favors a huge tax cut, otherwise known as the Kemp-Roth bill, a tax cut without ties to specific reductions in government spending. This contrasts with the movements to balance the federal budget and to limit government spending. The theories are much the same, but the emphases are different. Kemp stresses growth and in-

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centives for individuals to take risks and invest. He talks of possibility and potential. Traditional conservatives have for the most part reacted to the initiatives of others: *limit* government spending; *dismantle* government programs; *oppose* the Great Society. The rhetorical emphasis is negative. Like President Carter, they oppose a tax cut unattached to specific spending reductions because it is potentially inflationary. Kemp replies that the tax cut would spur so much new economic activity that new tax receipts would more than compensate for any projected loss of revenue.

Kemp also differs from the older generation of conservatives in supporting the notion of a government "safety net." Conservatives have always suffered from the charge of being callous. At crucial political moments the Left would, as Jeffrey Hart has put it, raise the red flag of the old woman thrown out into the snowbank. Kemp preempts that charge by allowing for some government support for those unable to compete in the marketplace: "It is perfectly legitimate for a democratic society to require that people set aside something to provide for their old age, their survivors, or unexpected hardship." Kemp does not outline in detail which social services should be sustained and which jettisoned. His emphasis once again is on providing incentives. Those who can work should be encouraged (by low taxes and a lack of subsidies for leisure) to do so. Those who cannot work will be aided by the government. One suspects that Kemp would cut make-work projects, but retain Social Security. Aid to Families with Dependent Children may stay, but the awarding of benefits would be reorganized to encourage work and family stability.

All of this has been said before, of course: by Kristol in essays in the *Wall Street Journal*, and by Wanniski in his splendid *The Way the World Works*, published in 1978. *An American Renaissance*, however, offers the arguments as a political program, not merely for scholarly rumination. There are useful chapters on national defense, inflation, and the debacle of government energy policy. Kemp also endorses a proposal for a voter initiative amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which would allow for national referenda. Kemp has written the *Manifesto* to complement Wanniski's *Das Kapital*.

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For more than two decades the Republican Party has been the minority party. Kemp and his cabal want to change that. They offer an innovative program, shrewdly articulated. They aim to defeat the rhetoric of compassion uttered by such as Edward Kennedy. Kemp and company also emphasize compassion, but in terms of programs consistent with an expanding economy, human initiative, and personal liberty. Old Republican war horses ought to prick up their ears. □

SOVIETOLOGY

In Plain Russian
By Vladimir Voinovich
Farrar, 300 pp., $11.95

RIDI SI SAPIS

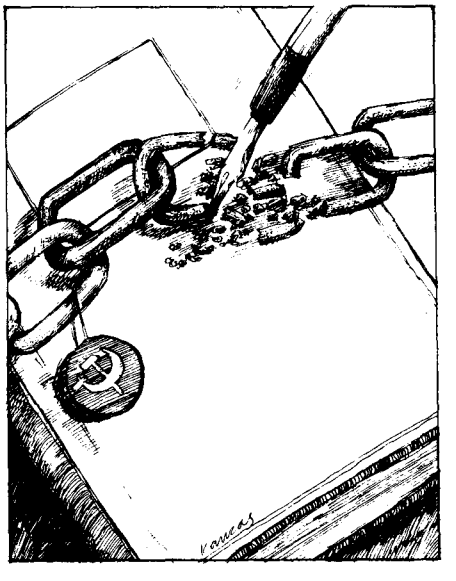
WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

It is of course no secret that a rich and boisterous literature is circulating behind the Iron Curtain, much of it in manuscript, and I mean *manu-scriptum*: I know men who have copied whole books in longhand because that was the only way they could possess them in the underworld of the tyrants. Those who are acquainted with the Manesse translations (into German) of the modern Hungarian, Ukrainian, and Georgian short-story writers enjoy a particularly broad avenue of access to this literature (one thinks immediately of Francisc Munteanu, Lajos Baráth, Grigol Tschikovani). In one way or another this literature expresses the pain of sensitive men trapped in a prison run by barbarians; it is a literature marked by fervor, moral revulsion, incandescent affirmation, and that final defiance of the state, a loving embrace of the particularity of person and place. But it has been, until now, a literature without humor. After all, in prison, who laughs?

So here comes Vladimir Voinovich, riding high on the waves of laughter he kicked up with his *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin* and *The Ivankiad*, bringing new tales of life as it is lived under the madness of the bureaucratic system. A construction supervisor staggers along under a supply administrator who doesn't give a damn. You ask for cement, you get doorknobs. Eventually a barter system among crew leaders comes into existence. The supervisor, struggling to meet an arbitrary deadline, calculates the possibilities of the market: Filiminov has linseed oil, needs roofing iron; Limar has Dutch tiles, needs window frames; Sidorkin has roofing iron, needs Dutch tiles; Ermoshin has window frames, needs tiles; our hero has tiles, needs linseed oil. The permutations break down. So it goes.

Voinovich has been around, he knows what's going on, he lays it on the line. But the most interesting aspect of his work, aside from its Rabelaisian laughter, lies in the things he takes for granted. When a new character appears on the scene, Voinovich is careful to specify that he is sober; one gathers that this condition is remarkable in some sort of way. It is taken for granted that members of the Party are on the make, cynically manipulating their little hoard of power in order to advance their careers. The proletarians, not members of the Party, understand that the regime needs them more than they need the regime, and so they pass their days and years in more or less open rebellion against their supervisors. The newspapers are simply ignored, for they carry nothing but lies. The maximum leaders are craven, ignorant, bestial gangsters. Women have no special place in this world, perhaps because it has robbed them of their femininity.

And there is no future. Money isn't to be saved (that's a crime anyway). Someone else will take care of things. One won't grow old, because the lousy diet and the menial routine and the all-encompassing madness serve to shorten life. If you have an extra kopek, go and drink it up. Don't try to work your way up the ladder; the higher you go, the more agonizing the hypocrisies you must tolerate. It is an extraordinary achievement to chronicle this chaos as if it were one huge bad joke.



I haven't examined the text in Russian, so I can't be sure of this, but I suspect there's a translation error on page 258 where ailerons are said to change an aircraft's position "relative to its longitudinal axis." In fact they rotate the aircraft around, or on, that axis, and change the position of the vertical and lateral axes. . . . And "early on" is a bit of modern American faddism, quite unnecessary when "early" does the trick. Why lose faith in our language? What's wrong with simply saying "early"? Voinovich places his very life at risk when he puts a word on paper; you may be sure he doesn't tolerate such nibbling at the foundations of his own speech. Otherwise, the translation reads without a hitch; a sign, perhaps, that Voinovich has adopted a style that makes for easy translating. His works have been translated into twenty languages by now. Some day the gorillas in the Kremlin may even permit his books to be published in Russia. □

History's Carnival
By Leonid Plyushch
Harcourt, Brace, 429 pp., $14.95

THE MAN WHO STAYED THE COURSE

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

Carnival festivities and the comic spectacles and ritual connected with them had an important place in the life of medieval man . . . They were sharply distinct from the serious official, ecclesiastical, feudal, and political cult forms and ceremonials. They offered a completely different, nonofficial, extra-ecclesiastical, and extra-political aspect of the world, of man, and of human rela-

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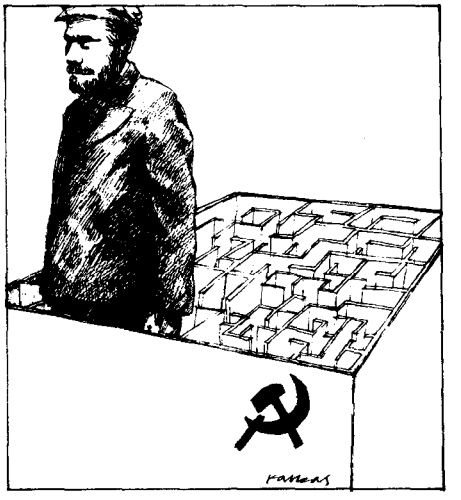
ions; they built a second world and a second life outside officialdom. . . .

With this quotation from Bakhtin's *Rabelais and His World*, Leonid Plyushch opens the remarkable story of his life, a life so tragic, so heroic, and, finally, so alien to us, that the reader begins to wonder at times if it hasn't been lived in another galaxy. Born into a proletarian family on the eve of the Second World War, Plyushch lost his father early in the conflict. He and his mother and sister endured poverty and hunger, avoiding starvation by living on "beet soup for half a year." A years-long bout with tuberculosis—eventually cured at a sanatorium as grim as any Dickensian orphanage—left him with a medical record that prevented him, despite his fervent protests, from qualifying for the KGB.

Overcoming his keen disappointment, he matured into a brilliant mathematician and teacher, and seemed destined for the inner circle of the Soviet elite. An enthusiastic Marxist, he was the pride of the local Komsomol—he had few peers as a propagandist—and took up philology and philosophy as avocations (a diversity of interests that later helped his psychiatrists to establish him as schizophrenic).

His path to dissidence was a long, slow one. Plyushch was struck by no thunderbolts. But he is a passionately honest man who was surrounded by lies which eventually destroyed his faith in Soviet officialdom: his inadvertent discovery of two university officials arranging for a Jewish girl to fail her entrance examinations; the revelations of the Twenty-Second Party Congress; the publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* and the subsequent ban on Solzhenitsyn's works; and the brutal suppression of nationalities (one day in a shop in his native Ukraine, ". . . I asked a young man, in Ukrainian, to hand me a book. 'Can't you speak human?' he snarled. The blood rushed to my head, and right then I became a Ukrainian once and for all . . .").

Still a Marxist, he concluded that the Revolution had been betrayed by ogres and boors, liars and murderers. He rationalized his dissidence along strictly Marxist-Leninist lines, became active in *samizdat*, helped the families of interned dissidents, attended their trials, wrote letters of protest, lost his job, and,



on January 14, 1972, was arrested. He spent a year in Moscow's Lefortovo prison, sparring impishly with doltish KGB interrogators. The diet was inadequate, the sanitation terrible, and the threats constant. But Plyushch mentions no outright physical mistreatment. He passed the year reading, worrying about his wife and two small sons, and dreading what he knew to be his ultimate fate: a psychiatric hospital, a *psikhushka*.

In the *psikhushka*, he longed for Lefortovo prison, as "a paradise lost." He was pumped full of drugs designed to blur his vision, rob him of his memory and mental acuity, bloat his body, cause generalized, acute pain, and crush his spirit. He was told that he was sick and that he had to acknowledge that his political deviations were symptoms. Only then could he be made well, and the first step on the road to recovery must be a formal recantation of his former political beliefs. For a year he resisted; then another year, and another . . .

With every visit his wife (who wrote the last two chapters of the book) saw less and less of the man she married. His eyes were glazed, his body and facial features contorted and swollen, and he was wracked by convulsions. For entire visits he spoke not a word, as he slipped slowly toward mindlessness, and she could finally stand no more. She begged him to recant. For a few seconds her beloved Lyonya came back, but only long enough to say, "I will not write anything for them." She bombarded the authorities with complaints, describing the hideous deterioration of a brilliant man. The substance of the few replies she received: Of course your husband is a sick man; that's why he's hospitalized.

Tatyana Plyushch, defying official threats that her husband's treatment could be worsened (and a clumsy attempt to frame her for prostitution), managed to get appeals on his behalf to the West, where his case became a *cause célèbre* with Amnesty International and the French Communist Party. In January 1976 he was released, without ever having recanted, and he and his family were permitted to emigrate.

Leonid Plyushch is still a Marxist, a victim of the invincible myth of the Revolution betrayed. In an afterword, he reminds us that the dictatorships of Central and South America are no worse than the regime that brutalized him, nods to Angela Davis and recalls how happy he was to hear in prison "that she had been acquitted," and sounds very much like the prudish young Komsomol militiaman of the early chapters, stopping prostitutes on the street to lecture them on the urgent need to build Communism. This work is scattered with careless references to "fascists" and "fascist scum," and I have reluctantly concluded that by those terms Plyushch means to describe: you and me. He is a brave, intelligent, loving man who has endured the unendurable, a man who rightly commands our admiration and sympathy.

Leonid Plyushch is a man dedicated to the truth, though there is an aspect of it he has yet to grasp: if Marxism triumphs, the carnival will go on forever. □

The GIMLET EYE

SINGLES SEX

D. KEITH MANO

Pardon me while I dress: it's almost impossible to take any sort of high moral tone when you've got just a towel on.

Heard about Plato's Retreat? Xtazy is more Xenophon's retreat: a headlong sexual Dunkirk: as functional in decor as the tollbooth at interstate exit 19. There is nothing—take my word for it—less picturesque than three dozen

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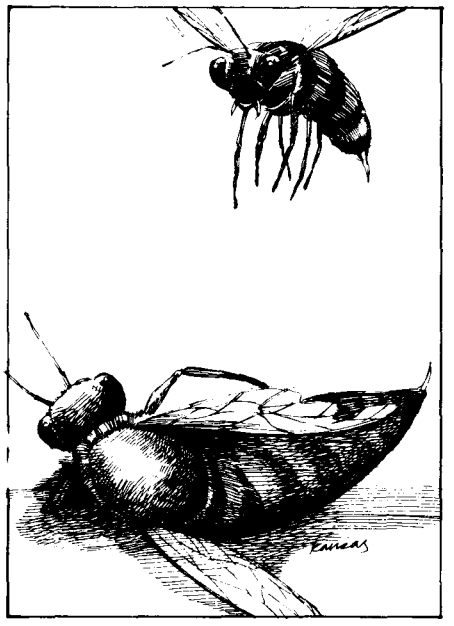
middle-aged men in, well, diapers. At Xtazy they provide everyone with the same general-issue loincloth: a 28 SHORT motel-surplus backwipe. The Farouk-fattish lawyer, Baby Huey I call him, is distressed: his towel looks like a sarong that's-arong size. "Oh-er"—now Baby Huey has approached the hat-and-everything-else-check girl. "This won't go around me. D'you have a safety pin?" Nope: what's he expect for the $45 admission price?

Worse, Baby Huey doesn't trust us fellow Xtaticks. One hand is on his wallet, credit-card case, and watch; one hand is on his four-inch-wide hip decolletage: this will make drinking Coke, never mind sex, rather an undexterous negotiation. Me: I'm turned on by the autoeroticism of pinball. But each time I hit a twin flipper return, I flip myself —BONUS!—stark nude. At least—unlike that CPA over there—I haven't kept black and gartered socks on. If Bill Rusher has told me once he has told me twice: the attentive gentleman doesn't wear dark hose with white linen.

XTAZY will accept stag men and women: Plato people insist that you bring someone to swap. The singles concept, I had thought, was a deadweight idea. Gee, what decent woman would put up with cafeteria-style lust: like a long referendum, proposition after proposition? Some time ago, for another magazine, I attended Midnight Interlude. The ratio at that singles grope was forty men to five women. And those five weren't in an accommodating mood. They were also, I later sniffed out, on the take: a flat fee plus so much per interlude. Not very different from simon-pure prostitution: except that whores, I imagine, care more for customer morale. And there aren't seven other men standing around ready to throw in the towel.

"Y'wanna go with me? The ring is empty now."

I beg off: nothing personal, dear—an old jockstrap injury. Dorine is pleasant, mulatto: about six on my gorgeousness gauge. Xtazy has been set up as a one-ring circus: at room center there's this impressionistic, slack-roped boxing arena: floor-level, dark velvet where canvas should be. Here a sort of sexual Gong Show will try out: the Ted Mack Very Amateur Hour. Not, oh, orgiastic: I associate *joie de vivre* with the word orgy: this is clock-punching stuff—knew



I shoulda brought a book. There are two small private alcoves at Xtazy, but almost no one will use them. Exhibitionism—as close to show biz as these people can ever get—is half the attraction, I guess. Either that, or management wants Dorine where they can credit her dance card: after all, I reason, at least some of these women must be on retainer. If no women are around come 5:30 P.M. starting time, what man would slap down $45 to see another man's towel cleavage? Yet, I admit it, the male/female ratio is astonishingly high: about two to one. And that *one*, in general, is quite obliging. I fish around.

"Ah. Dorine—you think . . . I don't mean you—some of these girls get paid, huh?"

"I don't know none do. And they different every night I come. Paid? I sure wish they did pay. I wunt haveta work as a dental sistant. Imagine gettin' paid for something you love t'do. Isn't that what everyone wants?"

"Uh. But the sex is so impersonal."

"Isn't it? That's good. I don't want no involvement. I don't think I'm responsible enough for getting married up."

And the sex, defiling though it may be, would seem to corroborate her. Of, say, one hundred rounds in the Xtazy ring, all but three are oral: what else?: in New York you can contract VD from a dirty look. Yet, of that oral sex—and this did surprise me—70 per cent will be consigned to female pleasure. Our generation—read *Cosmo*, read Hite, whatever—has known a single great sexual quest: Find the Lost Female Orgasm. The Orgasm denied our mothers and grandmothers (along with equal education, etc.) by our ruthless, crude fathers and grandfathers. During casual (casual? contemptible) sex of this sort, few women would be able to catch an orgasm in missionary posture. Besides, that posture is intimate, involving: ugh, you can see the other person —how lewd. Oral sex, though, will more dependably track down Mother's Missing Orgasm. And at Xtazy the tin-typed male is a servicer, a busy drone: a whore. Sins of the forefather visited all over him.

"Wanna get it on with me?"

Debra is aggressive, impersonal: average for Xtazy. I tell her: No but thank you and can we talk? Then, big *faux pas*, I ask if she thinks any women here get paid.

"Cut it, man. I'm sick of this male-chauvinist double standard. You don't think a woman can just want sex—want it from a lot of guys at once—unless she's paid for it? Only men have that right, huh? Well, times are changing, Buster."

I, Buster, back off. Sex at Xtazy—I needn't tell you—is degrading, hollow, tedious: a burlesque of what can be the most profound and most cordial human commerce. But we are trained to locate such depravity in the brutish male libido. And to trust that a female—wife, mother—through traditional institutions of marriage and parenthood will somehow discipline and gentle it. Yet the contagion may have begun to get plaguey. Women are asserting their right to roguish, promiscuous sex. And their right, as well, not to be a wife or a mother. Not even a lover. I know it's MCP of me: but I could get scared for us all. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE INTRICATE MUSIC: *A Biography of John Steinbeck, by Thomas Kiernan (Little, Brown, 331 pp., $12.95).* Reading this depressing account of the rise and fall of John Steinbeck, I turned, hoping for some clue, to an exchange of letters we had at the time he was writing *The Grapes of Wrath*. I found the following: "I'm not a great writer nor do I want to be. Just want to write stories, kind of an entertainer, one step above a tap dancer. If I ever get out of that category then it will be tragic

(Continues on page 115)

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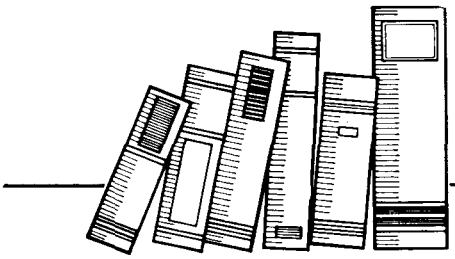


Dark Horses

ANY LINGERING doubts about the ideological drift of Amnesty International that supposedly impartial watchdog of human rights around the world will be dispelled by reading the *Amnesty International Report 1979* (10 Southampton St., London WC2E 7HF, England; $3.95).

Not that the report is without its merits. By thumbing its pages, one can come up with some useful data reflecting on the imperiled condition of personal liberty in many quarters of the globe—e.g., the USSR, or Iran. It is a document worth reading, if one reads it with an extreme degree of care.

The glaring fallacy in AI's approach is that it handles many overtly Communist and Third World dictatorships with exquisite deference, while piling into non-Communist regimes, authoritarian or otherwise, with unconcealed distaste. Thus its discussion of human-rights offenses, real or alleged, in such nations as Argentina, Chile, or Rhodesia often uses such words as "torture," "repression," "terrorism," and the like.

On the other hand, such grinding Marxist despotisms as Mainland China, Cuba, Angola, Mozambique, and North Korea are accorded kid-glove treatment. Here the approach is legalistic, quoting, from official documents, phrases guaranteeing "rights," together with agnostic AI statements as to whether these guarantees are being fully observed or not. Frequently there are expressions "welcoming" some assertion or initiative from a Marxist regime, or comments about conditions of unrest that seem to make repressive tactics more forgivable.

A frequently noted part of AI's problem is that Marxist governments are not so ready as pro-Western ones to let outsiders prowl around inside their borders. As a result of this disparity, the current report devotes seven times as much space to discussing human rights in Argentina as it does to happenings in Cambodia where, proportionately speaking, the most massive genocide in modern history has been occurring. By this method, the more terrible and secretive the despotism, the better its apparent record on human rights.

A useful corrective to this sort of mischief is provided by the *Annual of Power and Conflict 1977-78* (Institute for the Study of Conflict, 12/12A Golden Square, London W1R 3AF, England; $16.50), written by a group of specialists on matters of internal security, international terrorism, and cold-war issues generally, and edited by *NR* contributor Brian Crozier. It is an immensely useful book.

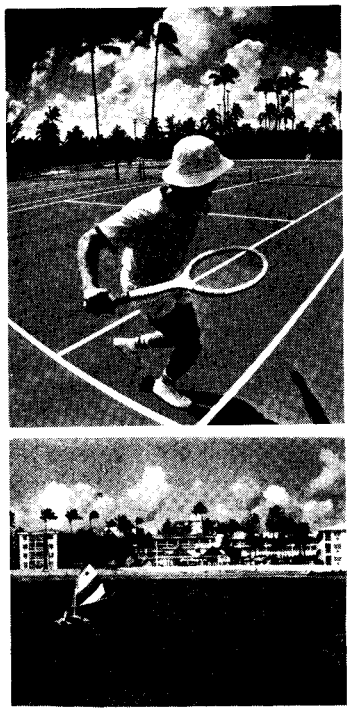
The Crozier *Annual* supplies what is so glaringly absent from the AI yearbook with its righteous, and generally *in vacuo*, denunciations of Argentina, Chile, and Rhodesia: information concerning the massive challenges that these and other Western societies face from revolutionary Marxism, rampant violence, and, in the case of Rhodesia at least, external invasion by Communist-armed guerrillas.

IN EACH INSTANCE, the *Annual* notes the forces at work within the country in question, provides a chronology of recent events, and describes the general political situation. Detailed analyses are provided for more than ninety nations, including such data as the extent of internal revolutionary movements, the size of Marxist guerrilla forces, the presence and numbers of Soviet or East German advisors, the actions of the KGB, and the disposition of Cuban troops.

In addition, the volume contains a gem of an introductory essay by editor Crozier, providing an ominous overview of the global power balance. The critical problem of our time, Crozier demonstrates, is the failure of the Carter Administration and other Western governments to grasp the nature of the Communist challenge. Bemused by visions of detente, we have pursued a policy of self-enfeeblement, and helped to undermine pro-Western forces elsewhere. Under cover of this confusion, Communist and other revolutionary elements continue their relentless progress.

— M. STANTON EVANS

THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND IN FLORIDA



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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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HENRY VAN DYKE

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IN GENESIS, Chapters 12 and 13, God makes some extraordinary promises to Abraham, one of which was that Abraham's seed would be as numerous as the stars of the heavens or the sands of the seashore and another, that these people would be used "to bless" all the families of the earth. Whatever does this mean? Write NR Box 3258.

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 112)

for me." Tragic it was, and the deeper his agents, publishers, movie directors, and ambitious friends trapped him into going in the effort to repeat or surpass his successes, the more he floundered. By the time the Nobel Prize (which he had scoffed at as a writer's dirge) came to him, he carried with him a sense of failure so heavy he could face nothing more demanding than politics and reportage. This first biography deals with Steinbeck's youth and long decline in a perfunctory way. Its burden is to "explain" what happened by focusing on the creative struggle that produced the great works of the Thirties. Only their weaknesses are seen as revealing. Such a labor of hindsight leaves an unpleasant taste in the reader's mouth. It's as if those splendid stories and novels existed only to reveal Steinbeck's shortcomings and the critic's cleverness in predicting—which he does, throughout, and at times almost gleefully—the inevitable denouement. Which is too bad. Because some of Mr. Kiernan's analysis, especially his account of the influence of Steinbeck's friend, the marine biologist Edward Ricketts, is perceptive. But a little more compassion for the man and enthusiasm for the work would have helped produce a book worthy of its subject. Steinbeck feared intellectual policemen, and with good reason. SELDEN RODMAN

SUNSET AT BLANDINGS, *by P. G. Wodehouse (Simon & Schuster, 216 pp., $8.95).* This is what we have of the novel P. G. Wodehouse was working on up to the day of his death. It is not, alas, vintage Wodehouse. First, one must regretfully admit what Wodehouse himself knew only too well: that in later years his powers of invention had declined. Even in his ninth decade (he was in his tenth when he died), not only did the plots repeat—*that*, to a large extent, they had always done—but the imagery was less fresh, the dialogue was sometimes stilted; the man of whom Evelyn Waugh had once said (when asked sniffily by a literary lady why he referred to an unserious fellow like Wodehouse as "the Master"), "One has to regard a man as a Master who can produce on average three uniquely brilliant and entirely original similes to each page," was starting to reuse the same similes that *had* been "uniquely brilliant and entirely original" when he had first used them years before. Also, of course, he had not had time to polish and revise this fragment—and Wodehouse was a writer who never spoilt his work by going over and over it: it only shone the more brilliantly with each revision. What nonetheless makes this book well worth having for Wodehouse fans is the critical apparatus that follows the novel-fragment, consisting of photographic reproductions of several pages of Wodehouse's working notes (mostly holographs, along with a few from Wodehouse's faithful old 1927 Royal); transcriptions of these pages and many others; a graceful essay by the editor, Richard Usborne; maps and drawings by Ionicus; and an attempt, by Mr. Usborne and two British railway experts, to pin down the exact location of Market Blandings. All of this might seem unnecessary if not ridiculous for a writer of light fiction. But Wodehouse, though not the greatest of twentieth century prose stylists, was among the most *careful*, and delightful. LINDA BRIDGES

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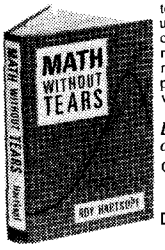

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Joint Declaration

On The Right

New York, Jan. 10—
MEMO TO: Messrs. Kennedy, Brown, Reagan, Bush, Connally, Baker, Dole, Crane
RE: The latest from OPEC

Gentlemen: The other day I was seated across from three liberal Democrats discussing matters cosmic and trivial, and the subject arose whether, in political contests in a democracy, candidates can ever come out in favor of reforms that are superficially unpopular. Specifically, we have the short-term question of the OPEC oil-gouge and the dissipation of our capital plant to pay for it. If you wish the figures in concrete form, refer back to the December *Esquire* and read Andrew Tobias on the subject. If you want to deal in round figures, it costs us the State of Iowa per year to pay for foreign oil.

And those were the figures before the last price hike. We were paying, before Christmas, at the rate of $60 billion per year. Assuming consumption remains at its current level, this year we will pay an extra $20 billion. And that presupposes no OPEC increase in 1980, which is more than we can take for granted.

ONE PARTICIPANT in the discussion reminded us that John Anderson of Illinois, who is running for President, actually came out and said it: he advocated a fifty-cent-per-gallon tax on gasoline, with the whole of the revenue thus raised devoted to a reduction in the Social Security tax. That is merely one version of the Tobias proposal, which is to increase the tax on a gallon of gasoline by fifty cents each year until the tax reaches two dollars (roughly the European tax), with proceeds plowed back in the form of down-the-line tax reductions. No matter; the point is quite simply this: that the price system has got to drive the majority of the American people in the direction of smaller—much smaller—horsepower. The way to do this without a convulsion in Detroit is to move progressively, but with enough of an instant shock to effect an immediate reduction in consumption.

Now it is interesting that three liberal Democrats and one conservative were agreed not merely on the wisdom of the Anderson proposal, but on the urgency of it. And interesting that three liberal Democrats and one conservative went on to agree that it was unlikely that anyone wanting to be President would come out for the proposal. Precisely because Anderson doesn't have a chance, he made the sensible proposal. Don't you find this humiliating?

The American people aren't stupid, they merely tend to react thoughtlessly. In his famous book *The Unheavenly City*, Professor Edward Banfield distinguishes between the upper class and the lower class not by any demarcation of wealth, but by the style of a man's thought. If you think only about the consequences of a proposed measure on you tomorrow, you are a member of the lower class, never mind your income or your academic or social credentials. If you think in terms of the day after tomorrow, you are functionally intelligent—functionally upper-class. If the American people understood that they could in fact drive the same distance they now drive (at forty miles per gallon), at the same cost (after computing their new and lower tax rates) —that their suffering would be limited to the reinvestment in a smaller and slower-gaited car—they would accept this proposal overwhelmingly, knowing it would secure us against the inflation and capital attrition we're now saddled with. But none of the major contenders wishes to be identified as having originated the idea that a gallon of gas should cost fifty cents more.

Why not a little joint statesmanship? It isn't any violation of any antitrust act for you to come out with a joint declaration. All of you—Ted, Jerry, Ron, George, John, Howard, Bob, Phil. "The undersigned, candidates for the office of President of the United States, endorse immediately a tax of fifty cents per gallon of gasoline, the proceeds of which will be returned to the taxpayers in such form as Congress shall designate." If I don't hear back from you by January 21, shall I just issue the proclamation in your names?

Cordially,
Bill

DAY AFTER TOMORROW

New York, Jan. 7—There is great jubilation in Whitehall over the "triumph" of Lord Carrington. What he succeeded in doing was to achieve the signatures of Mugabe and Nkomo. Unhappily, there is no evidence that His Lordship performed a pre-frontal lobotomy on either Mugabe, a dedicated Marxist revolutionary, or Nkomo, a semi-dedicated semi-Marxist revolutionary. In the absence of the baptism of these gentlemen-terrorists, their new-found devotion to the democratic spirit must be treated with the kind of learned skepticism which, had we permitted ourselves to be instructed by it in Laos in 1962, and in Vietnam in 1973, might have alerted us to the reality, rather than to the appearance.

The Laos treaty negotiated by Harriman was a good one. So—with limitations—was the Vietnam treaty negotiated by Kissinger in 1973. But they were only as good as our willingness to enforce them, and we are aware, as are a few million dead Indochinese, that we did not enforce them. Indeed most instructed historians are agreed that our failure to enforce the Laotian treaty led to the Vietnam nightmare.

What will happen in Rhodesia? The probability is that Bishop Muzorewa will win a plurality, not a majority. There are, after all, 12 contending black parties, and a few white parties. Muzorewa's standing is not as high as a year ago, for the most obvious reasons: he did not succeed in ending the war, in lifting the sanctions, or in getting his constitution accepted. Still, if he can get 31 black seats and if these are added to the twenty white seats, he will have a plurality.

WHAT then will happen? Will it be just as if the Democratic Party got 51 per cent of the vote and the Republican Party got 49 per cent of the vote, and the whole country settles down to four miserable, but endurable, years of Democratic rule?

Things tend not to happen that way in Africa, or indeed in most of the world. They happen least where there

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are one or two ideologists who have working for them a) a special determination to rule, never mind democratic considerations; b) the backing of a major world power bent on subverting constitutional governments; and c) the kind of leverage terrorists inherently have.

Here are three data of concrete and symbolic importance.

1. Ada Parker, a South African journalist writing for *The Citizen* in Johannesburg, informs us that intelligence sources have picked up the report that the Soviet Union is financing the campaign of the Patriotic Front to the tune of $15 million. It boggles the mind how one could spend $15 million in the tribal areas of Rhodesia, but with that much money you can buy many elections.

2. The United Nations General Assembly, in a vote having to do with the lifting of sanctions by Great Britain and the United States, censured that move by an overwhelming majority (107 to 16), specifically praised the Patriotic Front, and neglected to applaud the efforts of Great Britain to forge the new constitution. Although Zambia and Mozambique have suffered for their support of the guerrilla fighters, it is of supreme importance to know how they will behave toward insurgents if Muzorewa wins the election. The United Nations vote is a bad omen.

3. The *Washington Post*'s Peter Osnos, writing about the lifting of sanctions, reported that this meant only that American businessmen are free to trade with Zimbabwe. He added ominously, ". . . officials"—he is talking about the State Department—"said that it was 'virtually inconceivable that licenses would be granted for the sale of arms.'"

Very well then. Suppose that Muzorewa et al. win, and, Mugabe et al. having lost, they set up a Vietcong-type resistance fed by the Soviet Union through Mozambique and perhaps Angola, using Zambia for a Ho Chi Minh trail. What do the British do about it? They have made no commitments. What would *we* do about it? Not only have we made no commitments, we have told Washington reporters it is "inconceivable" that we would. Why is it inconceivable? Why do we continue to treat agreements with Marxist revolutionists as though they had been signed by executive committee members of the Lawn and Racquet Club?

Are we going to see, in one year or two, a situation in Rhodesia in which men and women (and I write not merely of white men and women) will yearn ardently for the bad old days of Ian Smith? When Muzorewa will be remembered only as Kerensky was remembered? □

WELCOME TO RUSSIA!

New York, Jan. 4—This being the season to be jolly, I can no longer keep to myself the account of my friend Alistair Horne, the British historian, of a recent trip with his Russian-speaking 21-year-old daughter to the USSR, for a scheduled visit, after a night's stopover in Moscow, to Tbilisi in the Caucasus, the wonderful town that gave us Josef Stalin.

Horne reminds me that 15 years ago Peter Fleming, whose brother Ian gave us James Bond, wrote that "Latins and Arabs lie to please; the British to cover up. But only the Russians lie without any discernable motive, and often to their detriment. It's a way of life."

The first thing you see these days at the Moscow International Airport is the bear "Misha," who is the chosen symbol for the forthcoming Olympics. Horne and his daughter and their group went through customs, during which the Soviet inspectors a) required a middle-aged lady to unwrap, one by one, each chocolate in a box of gift-wrapped chocolates, thereafter leading her off into a room to unwrap herself; b) leafed suspiciously through Horne's copy of *Cider with Rosie*; c) confiscated a young American's girlie magazine; and d) demanded that one passenger sign a form which was rendered only in Russian (the form, for all he knew, might have been a confession that he was in Moscow to blow up the Kremlin). His refusal caused great delays.

The next morning, back to the airport for the flight to the Caucasus—one hour's drive, one and one-half hours' wait, at which point Tanya, the Intourist guide, announced that the flight would not depart because airplanes could neither land nor take off due to the snow. This was her story, and she was unfazed by the noise of planes landing and taking off every few minutes. The visitors were instructed to return to Moscow, and check back late in the afternoon—at which point they were told there would be no flight until the following day.

Horne and his daughter, Alexandra, decided to spend the afternoon at the Lenin Museum. The most striking thing about the museum is the curator's success in removing all traces of Leon Trotsky, an achievement equivalent to removing everything colored white from the White House. The ludicrousness extends to a painting of the first Soviet Council in which the chair where Trotsky sat, next to Lenin, is now simply unoccupied. But the Soviets being prudes and disapproving of total nudity, they left Trotsky's Red Army cap sitting on his non-existent head. Alexandra asked the young guide to explain the absence of Trotsky, to which he actually replied, "Trotsky? He never existed." That guide was out of Central Casting for any movie of Orwell's *1984*. Young Alexandra replied by asking whether Lenin's last testament was in the museum. "Of course!" Well, she said, that testament praises Trotsky extravagantly. The guide's fallback position was that if Trotsky indeed existed, he was a remote little clerk, which no museum to Lenin would have any reason to notice.

At eight the next evening, the tourists were brought together and driven out to the Demodyedovo airport, an uncomfortable trip because the bus's exhaust funneled into the cabin, very nearly transforming it into a hearse. At the airport, they waited four and one-half hours, at which point the guide Tanya announced triumphantly, "We have a plane!" Unhappily, the plane was at another airport, Vnukovo, ninety minutes away. At this point the tourists erupted, each in his own way. Horne announced that he and his daughter would spend the night at the airport and take the morning flight back to London, but the guide said that that would be impossible, because the Soviet Union requires a 24-hour exit visa. (This, by the way, turns out to be sheer invention.)

Sheer fatigue and helplessness brought down the resistance, and the group arrived at the other airport at 4 A.M., waited in sub-zero weather one-half hour on the tarmac before boarding. The engines start up—but the plane doesn't move. In due course the captain and co-pilot walk out, turning off the engine, the air circulation, and the lights! A terse announcement is made that *no one is permitted to move!* "We sat in the airless dark. The sensation was of being trapped in a submarine on the floor of the ocean." The plane never did take off, and back they all went to Moscow, arriving after sunrise.

A few hours later, experienced traveler-historian Horne threw himself on the mercy of the British Embassy, which quietly scheduled him on the next flight home to London. So it goes in the Soviet Union. If it is true that 300,000 foreigners are going to travel to Moscow for the Olympics, it is just possible that the Soviet Union will lose the cold war after all. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An English philosopher (1588-1679) — 4 29 187 168 63 150

B. A type of salve or unguent — 24 1 6 82 173 31 18 47

C. What Spaniards and Latin Americans call a saint's day — 122 7 83 32 19 46

D. Questionable — 180 105 67 114 91

E. A Latin conjunction + a type of turn + a pronoun = a case — 195 35 20 174

F. There was but one in the field when Richard III yelled hoarsely that there were six — 21 112 84 115 181 151 8 81

G. This Philadelphia Athletic played against the Cardinals, 1930 and 1931 — 133 68 175 85 155 53

H. A disparaging word or phrase — 149 167 108 10 140 163 38

I. NO NEWS DOES — 34 49 93 62 71 78 86 5 97 56

J. An English essayist (1672-1719) — 160 156 130 136 110 87 2

K. Part of an airport — 117 188 131 98 182 22

L. Perfume — 123 189 120 11 26 176 109

M. Petty — 145 111 89 191 157 107

N. Drove a taxi — 36 127 45 183 12 75

O. A tributary of the Usk River, England — 9 69 72 92

P. This slab, used by printers, reminds one of Gibraltar — 48 60 64 121 102 170 23 186 196 3 / 25 59 80

Q. The poisonous seed of a certain Asiatic tree — 164 166 52 76 147 152 184 126 33

R. Palatable — 113 55 141 146 177 138 192 100 158

S. A type of cosmetic — 106 190 27 159 15 74 124 58 139

T. Soprano Mary Price's middle name — 54 42 65 13 128 73 185 119

U. Unevenly balanced — 70 103 101 66 178 193 51 43

V. Reverberated — 153 16 40 134 179 162

W. World Series (1979) pitcher who suggests light opera — 79 37 50 118 129 95 143 30 57 61

X. This type of lawman has his hands full — 39 142 132 90 125 161

Y. Not invited — 94 144 148 194 135 165 41 171

Z. A military maneuver performed by legislators — 99 154 116 44 14 28 77 104 169

a. Abbr. for a football position + 500 + abbr. for a certain large corporation — 88 137 96 172 17

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 114 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 B	2 J		3 P	4 A	5 I		6 B	7 C	8 F	9 O	10 H	11 L	12 N	13 T	14 Z
15 S		16 V	17 a	18 B	19 C	20 E	21 F	22 K		23 P	24 B		25 P	26 L	27 S		28 Z
29 A	30 W	31 B	32 C	33 Q	34 I		35 E	36 N	37 W	38 H		39 X	40 V	41 Y		42 T	43 U
44 Z	45 N	46 C	47 B	48 P	49 I	50 W		51 U	52 Q	53 G	54 T	55 R	56 I	57 W	58 S	59 P	
60 P	61 W	62 I	63 A		64 P	65 T	66 U	67 D	68 G	69 O	70 U	71 I		72 O	73 T		74 S
75 N	76 Q	77 Z	78 I	79 W	80 P	81 F		82 B	83 C	84 F	85 G	86 I	87 J	88 a	89 M	90 X	91 D
	92 O	93 I	94 Y	95 W	96 a		97 I	98 K	99 Z	100R	101U		102P	103U	104Z	105D	106S
107M	108H	109L	110J		111M	112F	113R	114D		115F	116Z	117K	118W	119T	120L		121P
122C		123L	124S	125X	126Q	127N	128T	129W	130J		131K	132X	133G	134V	135Y	136J	137a
138R		139S	140H	141R		142X	143W	144Y	145M		146R	147Q		148Y	149H		150A
151F	152Q	153V	154Z	155G	156J	157M	158R	159S		160J	161X	162V		163H	164Q	165Y	
166Q	167H		168A	169Z	170P	171Y	172a		173B	174E	175G	176L	177R	178U	179V	180D	181F
182K	183N	184Q	185T	186P		187A	188K	189L	190S	191M	192R	193U	194Y	195E	196P		

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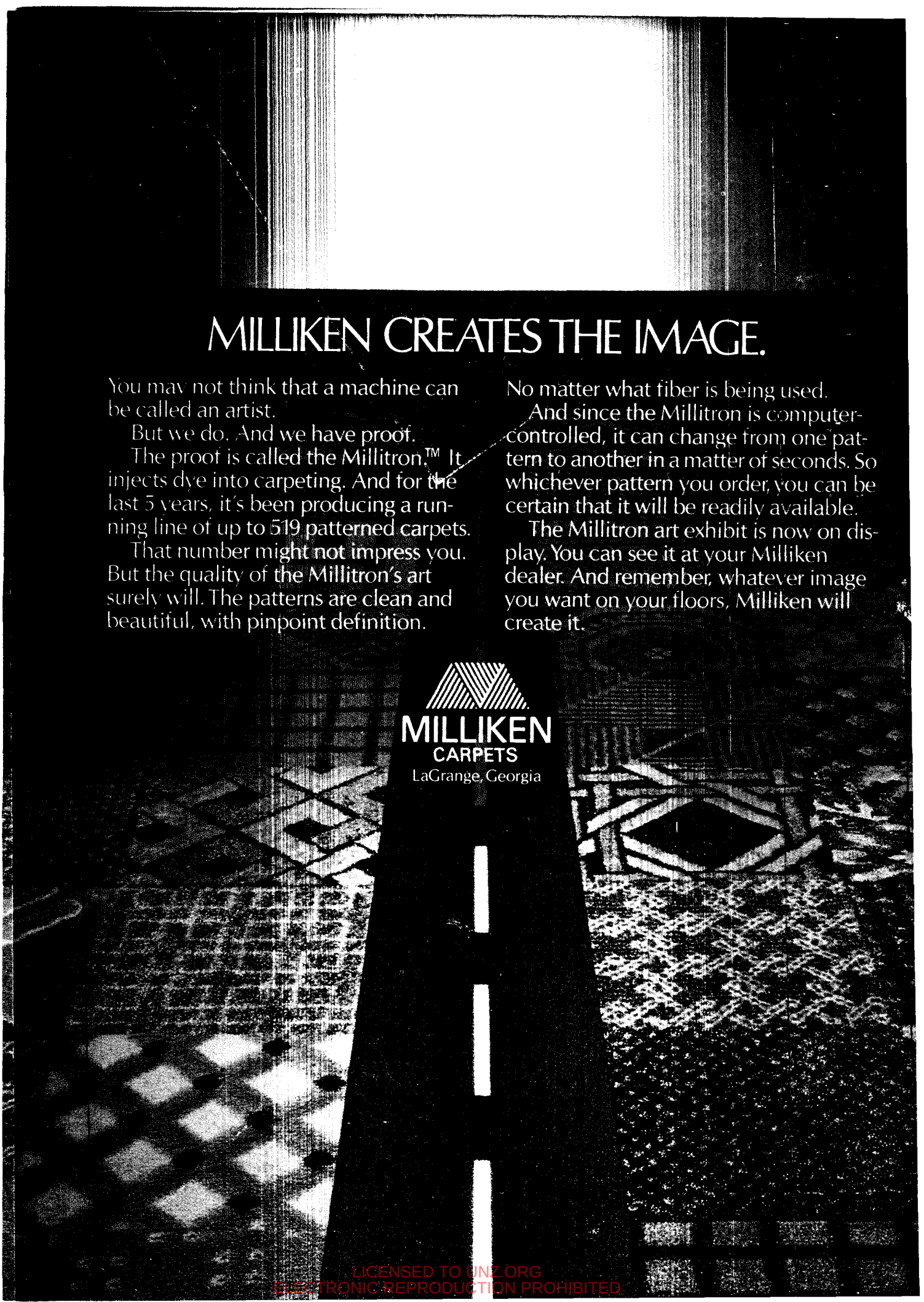

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